

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1567.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1847.

PRICE 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

LUCRETIA AND OTHER WORKS OF SIR E. LYTTON.
A Word to the Public. By the Author of "Lucretia," "Rienzi," &c. Pp. 60. Saunders and Otley.

We suppose there must be something hardening in the nature of critical occupation, which renders the party more callous, and less sensible to offensive inflictions, than falls to the lot of authors. The irritating genus seem to be creatures of altogether a different kind from the irritable genus. Still they have their punctures and disturbances to bear; their vanities to be piqued, and their complacencies to be grievously wounded. But they are, like the Indians, equal alike to inflict and endure tortures, to scalp or be scalped, and to sing, and brag, and taunt in the midst of torments of the most distressing description.

"Montezuma smiled on burning coals."

Not so the author of *Lucretia*. He has allowed himself to be annoyed into a defence against the bitter personal and literary assaults made upon his *Lucretia* and other publications, by several members of the periodical press. The provocation was in some cases great, and in others most senseless and silly; but, for ourselves, we should say that, taking them all together, we should hardly have considered it worthy of an answer. It is true the answer is in the best possible tone: moderate as regards self, and argumentative as regards the principles and rights of literature. Its error, as it appears to us, is, that it rebuts the stingless and the stinging insects by the same means, and breaks butterflies and vipers on the same wheel. Surely Sir E. Lytton might rely on his own conscientiousness and his European fame: a spit or two of venom cannot hurt an Immortal,—the impregnable literary fabric erected by genius need care nothing for a ludicrous bombardment of squibs and crackers. But, as it has been observed, it is wonderful with what equanimity people can bear the sufferings of others; and as the Author has not thought fit to display the same passive temperament in his own proper concern, it is our business to look a little to the publication he has sent forth, reclaiming against the injustice he, with reason, considers to have been done to him. "I pass by (he says) all assaults that may appear to have exceeded the due license of criticism with the single remark,—that wherever personal motives are strong enough to violate the ordinary decorum of literary censure, the reader must be prepared to expect that they will suffice to corrupt all integrity of statement. Thus extracts will be garbled and misquoted,—sentences stripped of the context that explains them,—and opinions, which the writer most earnestly holds up to reprobation, and places in the lips of characters whom he draws but to condemn, be deliberately cited as the sentiments of the author himself. I do not stop to comment on artifices like these:—if, from no broader principle than that of justice to the author, they need rebuke, or are capable of discouragement—discouragement and rebuke will come more efficiently from others; nor should I have made even this brief reference to matters not immediately essential to my argument, if some temporary injustice to the author were the only evil such practices could possibly effect; but thus, a work the most innocent can not only be represented as mischievous, but in reality rendered so."

This is incontrovertibly true: true to the letter. There is more mischief and sin put into human heads and hearts by pointing out possible meanings and construction, than by all the broad ob-

scenity and blasphemy that ever was written. Those do not mislead us who expose guilt to the wide light of day; but those do mislead us who instil the wisdom of the serpent into vague and inoperative obscenities, and point pollution from conjectures suggested, not by the matter in hand, but by the vicious and corrupt mind of the pseudo-virtuous castigator. The Angelos of letters are as base as he of *Measure for Measure*; hypocrites of indignation, and perverters of innocence itself into the fashion of their own wicked fancies. It is a grand thing to catch a foible, a delight to discover an offence—or better still to make either, as Tom Thumb is reported to have made the giants whom he so valorously slew. In common life the hangman is not generally esteemed the most respectable or elevated of characters; but in our literature it would seem as if undertaking the office voluntarily conferred the highest honour. It looks so honest, so independent, so awfully just, besides being so convenient in cloaking the practices or offences it pretends to brand, that we need not wonder at its prevalent assumption, and seeing its professors proud of their offices with the halter at the gallows, or their exploits with the cat-o'-nine-tails at the whipping-post! To be sure there is no malice, nor uncharitableness, nor envy, in them! They are the pure and heroic Herculeses whose labours cleanse the small pools of any little filth which they magnify into Augean stables, and kill the fleas and mice that come across their way with a power more than enough for hydras and dragons! It is beautiful to see, and ponder upon, them hatching their own mares' nests, and gulling the ignorant with the produce!

"I fear (truly remarks Sir E. Lytton)—I fear that the writer the most really dangerous to society is to be found in the critic, who bids the young and unthinking search, amidst the most popular forms of literature, for excuses to vice and sanctions to crime, which the author himself never intended, and which, without such directions, no reader would have suspected. It is critics like these who would pervert to poison the most innocent intellectual nutriment; who would interpret the exhortations of St. Augustine into an appeal to the passions, or the 'Whole Duty of Man' into a libel on one's neighbour. Shortly after Addison's 'Cato' had appeared upon the stage, an unhappy person destroyed himself, leaving upon his table a paper with these words:

"That must be good
Which Cato did and Addison approved."

One must mournfully regret this poor man's perverse misconstruction of 'Cato'; yet who can say, for that reason, that 'Cato' is dangerous, or that Addison sanctioned suicide?

Completely does the author exonerate himself from the charge that he has entertained a morbid and mischievous passion for treating of crime and guilt—that it is the prevailing character of his books to make heroes of criminals and felons. * * * The charge (he adds) is so utterly untrue, that a single glance over the list of my publications will suffice to refute it. I annex that list as my reply: 'Pelham,' 'The Disowned,' 'Devereux,' 'Godolphin,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Rienzi,' 'The Conquest of Grenada,' 'Ernest Maltravers, 1st part,' 'Ernest Maltravers, 2d part (first printed as Alice),' 'Night and Morning,' 'Zanoni,' 'The Last of the Barons,' 'Lucretia.' So that out of a list of sixteen works of fiction, (besides five plays, the essays called 'Eng-

land and the English,' and 'The Student,' a History of Athens, and a volume or two of poems,) the three to which I have prefixed an asterisk are the only books in which felons or criminals have been made the heroes. In works professing to treat of human life in all its complexities, this is surely but a small proportion assigned to the express delineation of human crimes. And this list alone, to those who have read the works, is a sufficient answer to the charge—that it has been *my habit*, as an author, to select criminals and felons as my heroes. Five of the fictions I have cited are devoted to the historical illustration of former times with whatever images, fair or noble, the age might afford, or the progress of the narrative present; six to those circles of modern society, in which it was difficult to avoid the opposite reproach of dealing exclusively with the more polished or more frivolous classes, and forgetting, that beneath the surface of manners, grave and stern lessons are to be found—yes, even in the guilt and the woe, which are at work within the deeps; and two out of the number ('Zanoni' and 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,') are dedicated to fancies which may be called, if you please, too visionary and unreal, but are wholly remote from that grosser and more actual world of evil and sin to which I am accused of having morbidly confined my invention, or monotonously directed my research."

Sir Edward cites many instances of the criminal being the leading characters in compositions of every class; he might have adduced thousand. His reasoning on this subject is unanswerable:

"Must we not (he concludes) grant to the writer who seeks for the elements of tragedy that exist in his own time, the equal license to seek for the materials to which *tragedy* must apply? What are those materials but the passions and the crimes of men,—as, for comedy, the materials are drawn from the humours and the vices? Terror and compassion are the sources of the tragic writer's effects; the destructive or pernicious power of intellect corrupted into guilt, affords him the natural means of creating terror for the evil, and compassion for its victims. To say that the criminals he is thus compelled to employ as the agents of his plot are unfit for his purpose, because they may be classed amongst the prey of Newgate and the Old Bailey, is but to lay down the preposterous principle, that we must not extract tragedy from times in which laws are carried into effect; it is simply to say, that, because men in our day are transported and hanged for guilt, the guilt of our day it is improper to analyse and depict. All crimes now, if detected, must obtain the notoriety of the Old Bailey, or reap their deserts in Newgate; and to contend that Newgate and the Old Bailey unfit them for the uses of the writer of fiction, is virtually to deprive him of the use of all crimes punished by modern law, and enacted in the modern day; as if there were no warning to be drawn from sins that are not ennobled by ermine and purple; as if there were no terror in the condemned cell, no tragedy at the foot of the gallows! And yet how hackneyed is the aphorism, that the human heart, and the tragedy to be drawn from it, remain the same in every age! Unless, then, we deny altogether that we are to seek for the sources of tragedy amidst the times which we must necessarily know the best, among the characters on which the broadest and steadiest light can be cast, amid the warnings the most immediately useful to us, we cannot reject to the writer of modern fiction the materials of modern tragedy, even

though they are drawn from the records of the prison-house, and the judgments of the law."

All then, depends on the mode of treatment which the subject receives; and we have only to refer to the *Literary Gazette* review of *Lucretia* (Nos. 1559, 1560) for our opinion, that in this respect the author had sanctioned no vice, but ignominiously held up crime as a terrible warning to the guilty and guiltily disposed.

When Sir Edward carries the war into the quarters whence he has been assailed, his offensive is hardly less successful than his defensive measures.

"The essential characteristic of this age and land (he observes) is *publicity*. There exists a press which bares at once to the universal eye every example of guilt that comes before legal tribunal. In these very newspapers which would forbid a romance-writer to depict crime with all that he can suggest to demonstrate its causes, portray its hideousness, insist on its inevitable doom, are everywhere to be found the minutest details of guilt,—the meanest secrets of the prison-house are explored, turnkeys interrogated, and pages filled with descriptions of the personal appearance of the felon, his dress at the bar, his courage at the gallows. To find the true literature of Newgate and Tyburn, you have only to open the newspaper on your table. That reports thus sent abroad to all quarters of a motley civilisation, read aloud in the lowest alehouse, and in the vilest resorts of outcasts and thieves—the only literary food (as newspapers are) of the most uneducated classes;—that such may do harm, I am ready to confess, and this from the careless tone and the base detail—the obtrusion of a criminal notoriety unaccompanied by a single lesson—gorging the curiosity, and familiarising away the solemnity of guilt. But how different this from the narrative of a writer of fiction, who presents no single portraiture of crime to monopolise the morbid fancy—who contrasts it with images of purity and innocence—who analyses the workings of the heart, and thus checks its progress to corruption—who accompanies the crime, as by its shadow, with the darkness of its own deformity—who exerts all the power he possesses to accumulate terrors round its consequences and chastisements—whose work, by its literary treatment, (if the author possess but ordinary scholarship,) to say nothing of its mode of publication, is not destined to penetrate, like the newspaper, amongst the most ignorant and perverted—the accomplices and imitators of the guilty—but is almost necessarily confined to classes of certain education, which would render the imitation as untempting as the guilt itself is abhorrent. The fiction supplies the very lessons the newspaper cannot give. If the reader doubt this, let him only compare the impressions made upon his mind by a crime brought before the courts of law with those produced by a crime which some imaginative writer has depicted:—I am greatly mistaken if he does not own, at once, that the last are infinitely more grave, more forcible, and more enduring."

It is well remarked elsewhere, that "the crimes depicted should not be of a nature to lead us through licentious scenes, nor accompanied with descriptions that appeal dangerously to the senses. There is one class of evil which shocks and revolts us—there is another class of evil to which the most perilous ally is in our own nature. There is nothing to corrupt us in the delineation of murder and violent wrong; our instincts recoil at once from the idea of imitation. There may be much to corrupt us in the delineation of an adulterous love, though the moral it is meant to convey may, in itself, be excellent; and therefore it is safest not to make prominent or minutely to detail crimes of a nature which less openly revolts us than insidiously allure."

The following remarks of a general character also tempt us to quotation:

"The most sanguinary tyrant of ancient Greece so cultivated the reasoning faculties he perverted, as to induce the popular error to class him amongst

the sages; Nero had stored his cruel and sensual mind with the very accomplishments supposed most to humanise and soften; every thing that his time could teach him refined into system the atrocities of Cæsar Borgia; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, surpassed the most ruthless in an age of barbarity, yet 'with his head,' say the chroniclers, 'fell half the scholarship of England.' Richard the Third brought to the fierce, unlettered struggles of his day the arts of Italy and the learning of Utrecht. Happily, the moral to be drawn from these colossal criminals is, the utter failure of the very intellect so perverted and misused; and as, whatever our inclination to the contrary, we cannot deny that in private individuals the same discordant and dismal union of cultivated intellect and corrupted conscience does sometimes, though rarely, exist, let us deduce from biography and fiction the same salutary truth that consoles us in history. History makes clear the fact, and loud the warning. Is it wrong for fiction, that history of the inner heart, to do the same? To shew the nothingness and impotence of intellect, even in the attainment of its own intellectual aims, when it once admits crime as its agency—to shew how useless, nay, pernicious, to the guilty possessor is the very mental power he thus desicates and perverts—to shew that goodness and genial affection are essential to the triumph and fruitfulness of all that mind may plot for and force would command—for these lessons it might be as permissible to dive into the guilt of Lucretia as into that of the Prince of Valentinois, and expose in the humbler villain of our own day the same attributes of character, the same alliance of the sensual and the cruel, the effeminate and unsparing, which may startle us in the imperial poisoner and parricide of old. It is only 'the property-man' of the stage that sees grandeur but in the crown or the toga. Strip off the externals. We have a right to compare men with men."

We have, perhaps, overstepped the bounds due to a production of this small compass; but the high standing of the author, and the malignity of some of the diatribes against him, involving very important questions, as they affect the literature of our country, have led us into this prolixity. And yet we have left nearly all the details untouched, to be perused in the dispassionate and able statements of the writer, to whom in the end we cordially concede his claim, urged in these words:

"I am immovably persuaded that, from few to more, from the segment to the circle, the main truths I have stated will gradually, but surely, penetrate and extend; and that, whatever literary faults and blemishes in my writings may be justly condemned, soon or late the author will be held to have given an unanswerable vindication of the legitimate selection of his materials, and his conscientious sense of his more serious responsibilities."

SPAIN.

Ford's Gatherings from Spain. Vol. II. (No. XL. of Murray's Home and Colonial Library.) J. Murray.

We refer to the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1560, for the character of this work, and the quotations to justify it. From these, the continued attraction which we find in the portion now before us was to be certainly anticipated. Such a writer, and so master of his subject, could not fail. Accordingly, we have the same accuracy, the same vivacity, and the same intelligence as before; and the only difference lies in the difference of the topics, in either volume. Here we have travelling and its accommodations, fatigues and perils; life or mode of living, and death or mode of dying, with all its ceremonies, the state of medicine and the medical profession, hospitals, asylums, &c.; bull-fights, and other national features; all described in a manner not to be forgotten, so pointed is the style, and so lively the impression. It therefore only remains for us to do Mr. Ford the justice of letting him prove his own case, as a most deservedly popular writer. In Old Spain every thing is elderly. "The very word *novelty* has become in common parlance synonymous with danger, change, by the fear of which all Spaniards are perplexed; as in religion it is a heresy. Bitter experience has taught all classes that every change, every promise of a new era of blessing and prosperity, has ended in a failure, and that matters have got worse: hence they not only bear the evils to which they are accustomed, rather than try a speculative amelioration, but actually prefer a bad state of things, of which they know the worst, to the possibility of an untried good. *Mas vale el mal conocido, que el bien por conocer.* 'How is my lady, the wife of your grace?' says a Spanish gentleman to his friend—'Como está mi Señora la Esposa de Usted?' 'She goes on without Novelty'—'*Sigue sin Novedad,*' is the reply, if the fair one be much the same. '*Vaya Usted con Dios, y que no haya Novedad!*'—'Go with God, your grace, and may nothing new happen!' says another, on starting his friend off on a journey.'

And journeys are indeed journeys to excite friendly aspirations there; though Mr. Ford assures us not so frightfully beset by brigands and banditti as is commonly set down by timid travellers. Arrived at the *venta*,

"At the side of the kitchen is a den of a room, into which the *ventero* keeps stowed away that stock of raw materials which forms the foundation of the national cuisine, and in which garlic plays the first fiddle. The very name, like that of monk, is enough to give offence to most English. The evil consists, however, in the abuse, not in the use: from the quantity eaten in all southern countries, where it is considered to be fragrant, palatable, stomachic, and invigorating, we must assume that it is suited by nature to local tastes and constitutions. Wherever any particular herb grows, there lives the ass who is to eat it. *Donde crece la escoba, nace el asno que la roya.* Nor is garlic necessarily either a poison or a source of baseness; for Henry IV. was no sooner born, than his lips were rubbed with a clove of it by his grandfather, after the revered old custom of Bearn. Bread, wine, and raw garlic, says the proverb, make a young man go briskly: *Pan, vino, y ajo crudo, hacen andar al mozo agudo.* The better classes turn up their noses at this odorous delicacy of the lower classes, which was forbidden per statute by Alonzo XI. to his knights of La Banda; and Don Quixote cautions Sancho Panza to be moderate in this food, as not becoming to a governor; with even such personages, however, it is a struggle, and one of the greatest sacrifices to the altar of civilisation and *les convenances*. To give Spanish garlic its due, it must be said that, when administered by a judicious hand (for, like prussic acid, all depends on the quantity), it is far milder than the English. Spanish garlic and onions degenerate after three years' plaiting, when transplanted into England. They gain in pungency and smell, just as English foxhounds, when drafted into Spain, lose their strength and scent in the third generation. A clove of garlic is called *un diente*, a tooth. Those who dislike the piquant vegetable must place a sentinel over the cook of the *venta* while she is putting into her cauldron the ingredients of his supper, or *Alicenna* will not save him; for if God sends meats, and here they are a godsend, the evil one provides the cooks of the *venta*, who certainly do bewitch many things.

"Thrice happy, then, the man blessed with a provident servant who has foraged on the road, and comes prepared with cates on which no Castilian Canidia has breathed; while they are stewing he may, if he be a poet, rival those sonnets made in 'Don Quixote' on Sancho's ass, saddle-bags, and sapient attention to their provend, *su cuerda providencia*. The odour and good tidings of the arrival of unusual delicacies soon spread far and wide in the village, and generally attract the *cura*, who loves to hear something new, and does not dislike savoury food: the quality of a Spaniard's temperance, like that of his mercy, is strained; his poverty and not his will consents to more and other fastings than to those enjoined by the church;

hunger, the sauce of Saint Bernard, is one of the few wants which is not experienced in a Spanish *venta*. Our practice in one was to invite the *cure*, by begging him to bless the pot-luck, to which he did ample justice, and more than repaid for its visible diminution by good fellowship, local information, and the credit reflected on the stranger in the eyes of the natives, by beholding him thus patronised by their pastor and master. It is not to be denied in the case of a stew of partridges, that deep sighs and exclamations, *que rico!* 'how rich!' escape the envious lips of his hungry flock when they behold and whiff the odoriferous dish as it smoked past them like a railway locomotive. Nor, it must be said, was all this hospitality on one side; it has more than once besailed us in the rude *ventas* of the Salamanca district, that the silver-haired *cura*, whose living barely furnished the means whereby to live, on hearing the simple fact that an Englishman was arrived, has come down to offer his house and fare. Such, or indeed any Spaniard's invitation, is not to be accepted by those who value liberty of action or time; seat rather the good man at the head of the *venta* board, and regale him with your best cigar, he will tell you of *el gran lor*—the great lord—the *cid* of England; he will recount the duke's victories, and dwell on the good faith, mercy, and justice of our brave soldiers, as he will execrate the cruelty, rapacity, and perfidy of those who fled before their gleaming bayonets.

"But, to return to first arrival at *ventas*, whether saddle-bag or stomach be empty or full, the *venero* when you enter remains unmoved and imperturbable, as if he never had had an appetite, or had lost it, or had dined. Not that his genus ever are seen eating except when invited to a guest's stew; air, the economical ration of the chameleon, seems to be his habitual sustenance, and still more as to his wife and womankind, who never will sit and eat even with the stranger; nay, in humbler Spanish families they seem to dine with the cat in some corner, and on scraps; this is a remnant of the Roman and Moorish treatment of women as inferiors. Their lord and husband, the innkeeper, cannot conceive why foreigners, on their arrival, are always so impatient, and is equally surprised at their inordinate appetite; an English landlord's first question, 'Will you not like to take some refreshment?' is the very last which he would think of putting; sometimes by giving him a cigar, by coaxing his wife, flattering his daughter, and caressing Maritornes, you may get a couple of his *pollos*, or fowls, which run about the ground-floor, picking up any thing, and ready to be picked up themselves and dressed. All the operations of cookery and eating, of killing, sousing in boiling water, plucking, &c. cetera, all preparatory as well as final, go on in this open kitchen. They are carried out by the *venera* and her daughters or maids, or by some crabb'd, smoke-dried, shrivelled old she cat, that is, or at least is called, the *tia*, 'my aunt,' and who is the subject of the good-humoured remarks of the courteous and hungry traveller before dinner, and of his full-stomach jests afterwards. The assembled parties crowd round the fire, watching and assisting each at their own savoury messes, *Un ojo á la sarten, y otro á la gata*—'One eye to the pan, the other to the real cat,' whose very existence in a *venda*, and among the pots, is a miracle: by the way, the naturalist will observe that their ears and tails are almost always cropped closely to the stumps. All and each of the travellers, when their respective stews are ready, form clusters and groups round the frying-pan, which is moved from the fire hot and smoking, and placed on low table or block of wood before them, or the unctuous contents are emptied into a huge earthen reddish dish, which in form and colour is the precise *paropsis*, the food-platter, described by Martial and by other ancient authors. Chairs are a luxury; the lower classes sit on the ground, as in the East, or on low stools, and fall to in a most oriental manner, with an un-European

ignorance of forks; for which they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or dip their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity—with appetite, but without greediness; for none of any nation, as a mass, are better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards."

The whole account of travelling is in the same piquant style; and after protections from the prevalent impositions of the road, we are told of others of a nature unknown to other lands. *Ex. gr.:*

"While on the subject of this spiritual and supernatural protection, it may be added that firm faith was placed in the wearing a relic, a medal of the Virgin, her rosary or scapulary. Thus the Duchess of Abrantes this very autumn hung the *Virgen del Pilar* round the neck of her favourite bull-fighter, who escaped in consequence. Few Spanish soldiers go into battle without such a preservative in their *petos*, or stuffed waddings, which is supposed to turn bullets, and to divert fire, like a lightning-conductor; which probably it does, as so few are ever killed. In the more romantic days of Spain, no duel or tournament could be fought without a declaration from the combatants that they had no relic, no *engano* or cheat, about their persons. Our friend Jose Maria attributed his constant escapes to an image of the Virgin of Grief of Cordova, which never quitted his shaggy breast. Indeed, the native districts of the lower classes in Spain may be generally known by their religious ornaments. These talismanic amulets are selected from the saint or relic most honoured, and esteemed most efficacious, in their immediate vicinity. Thus, the 'Santo Rostro,' or Holy Countenance of Jaen, is worn all over the kingdom of Granada, as the Cross of Caravaca is over Murcia; the rosary of the Virgin is common to all Spain. The following miraculous proof of its saving virtues was frequently painted in the convents: A robber was shot by a traveller and buried; his comrades, sometime afterwards passing by, heard his voice,—'this fellow in the cellarage.' They opened the grave and found him alive and unhurt; for when he was killed he had happened to have a rosary round his neck, and Saint Dominick (its inventor) was enabled to intercede with the Virgin in his behalf. This reliance on the Virgin is by no means confined to Spain, since the Italian banditti always wear a small silver heart of the Madonna, and this mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most terrific features of their character. Saint Nicholas, however, the English 'Old Nick,' is in all countries the patron of schoolboys, thieves, or, as Shakspere calls them, 'Saint Nicholas's clerks.'

'Keep thy neck for the hangman, for I know thou worshipeft St. Nicholas as a man of falsehood may'; and, like him, Santo Diavolo, Santo Diavoloni, Holy Devil, is the appropriate saint of the Sicilian bandit.

"San Dimas, the 'good thief,' is a great saint in Andalucia, where his disciples are said to be numerous. A celebrated carving, by Montanes, in Seville, is called '*El Cristo del buen ladrón*,' 'the Christ of the good thief,' thus making the Saviour a subordinate person. Spanish robbers have always been remarkably good Roman Catholics. In the 'Rincónete y Cortadillo,' the lurker and cutpurse of Cervantes, whose Monipodio must have furnished Fagin to Boz, a box is placed before the Virgin, to which each robber contributes; and one remarks that 'he robs for the service of God, and for all honest fellows.' Their mountain confessors of the Friar Tuck order, animated by a pious love for dollars when expended in expiatory masses, consider the payment to them of good doublons such a laudable restitution, such a sincere repentance, as to entitle the contrite culprit to ample absolution, plenary indulgence, and full benefit of clergy. Notwithstanding this, these ungrateful 'good thieves' have been known to rob their spiritual pastors and masters when they catch them on the high road.

"To return to the saving merit of these talis-

mans. We ourselves suspended to our sheepskin jacket one of the silver medals of Santiago, which are sold to pilgrims at Compostello, and arrived back again to Seville from the long excursion, safe and sound and unpillaged, except by *veneros* and our faithful squire; an auspicious event, which was entirely attributed by the aforesaid dignitary to the intervention vouchsafed by the patron of the Spains to all who wore his order, which thus protects the bearer as a badge does a Thames waterman from a press-gang."

The capture, trial, and execution of a robber concludes this chapter. The picture is a striking exemplification of the customs and feelings of the country:

"*José de Roxas* (the hero of the scene), commonly called (for they generally have some nickname) *El Veneno*, 'Poison,' from his viper-like qualities, was surprised by some troops; he made a desperate resistance, and when brought to the ground by a ball in his leg, killed the soldier who rushed forward to secure him. He proposed, when in prison, to deliver up his comrades if his own life were guaranteed to him. The offer was accepted, and he was sent out with a sufficient force; and such was the terror of his name, that they surrendered themselves, not, however, to him, and were pardoned. Veneno was then tried for his previous offences, found guilty, and condemned. He pleaded that he had indirectly accomplished the object for which his life was promised him, but in vain; for such trials in Spain are a mere form, to give an air of legality to a predetermined sentence: the authorities adhered to the killing letter of their agreement, and

<sup>'Kept the word of promise to the ear,
But broke it to the hope.'</sup>

"Veneno was placed, as is usual, the day before his execution, *en capilla*, in a chapel or cell set apart for the condemned, where the last comforts of religion are administered. This was a small room in the prison, and the most melancholy in that dwelling of woe; for such indeed, as Cervantes said of sad experience knew and described a Spanish prison to be, it still is. An iron grating formed the partition of the corridor, which led to the chamber. This passage was crowded with members of a charitable brotherhood, who were collecting alms from the visitors, to be expended in masses for the eternal repose of the soul of the criminal. There were groups of officers, and of portly Franciscan friars smoking their cigars and looking carefully from time to time into the amount of the contributions, which were to benefit their bodies quite as much as the soul of the condemned. The levity of those assembled without formed, meantime, a heartless contrast with the gloom and horror of the melancholy interior. A small door opened into the cell, over which might well be inscribed the awful words of Dante:

^{'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!'}

At the head of this room was placed a table, with a crucifix, an image of the Virgin, and two wax tapers, near which stood a silent sentinel with a drawn sword; another soldier was stationed at the door, with a fixed bayonet. In a corner of this darkened apartment was the pallet of Veneno; he was lying curled up like a snake, with a striped coverlet (the Spanish *manta*) drawn closely over his mouth, leaving visible only a head of matted locks, a glistening dark eye, rolling restlessly out of the white socket. On being approached, he sprang up and seated himself on a stool: he was almost naked; a chaplet of beads hung across his exposed breast, and contrasted with the iron chains around his limbs: Superstition had riveted her fetters at his birth, and the Law her manacles at his death. The expression of his face, though low and vulgar, was one which, once seen, is not easily forgotten,—a slouching look of more than ordinary guilt: his sallow complexion appeared more cadaverous in the uncertain light, and was heightened by a black unshorn beard, growing vigorously on a half-dead countenance. He ap-

peared to be reconciled to his fate, and repeated a few sentences, the teaching of the monks, as by rote: his situation was probably more painful to the spectator than to himself;—an indifference to death, arising rather from an ignorance of its dreadful import than from high moral courage: he was the Bernardine of Shakspeare, ‘a man that apprehends death no more dreadfully than a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what’s past, present, and to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.’

Next morning the triple tiers of the old balconies, roofs, and whole area of the Moorish and most picturesque square were crowded by the lower orders; the men wrapped up in their cloaks, —it was a December morning,—the women in their mantillas, many with young children in their arms, brought in the beginning of life to witness its conclusion. The better classes not only absent themselves from these executions, but avoid any allusion to the subject, as derogatory to European civilisation; the humbler ranks, who hold the conventions of society very cheap, give loose to their morbid curiosity to behold scenes of terror, which operates powerfully on the women, who seem impelled irresistibly to witness sights the most repugnant to their nature, and to behold sufferings which they would most dread to undergo; they, like children, are the great lovers of the horrible, whether in a tale or in dreadful reality; to the men it was as a tragedy, where the last scene is death—death which rivets the attention of all, who sooner or later must enact the same sad part. They desire to see how the criminal will conduct himself; they sympathise with him if he displays coolness and courage, and despise him on the least symptom of unmanliness. An open square was then formed about the scaffold by lines of soldiers drawn up, into which the officers and clergy were admitted. As the fatal hour drew nigh, the increasing impatience of the multitude began to vent itself in complaints of how slowly the time passed—that time of no value to them, but of such precious import to him whose very moments were numbered.

When at length the cathedral clock tolled out the fatal hour, a universal stir of tiptoe expectation took place, a pushing forward to get the best situations. Still ten minutes had to elapse, for the clock of the tribunal is purposely set so much later than that of the cathedral, in order to afford the utmost possible chance of a reprieve. When that clock too had rung out its knell, all eyes were turned to the prison-door, from whence the miserable man came forth, attended by some Franciscans. He had chosen that order to assist at his dying moments, a privilege always left to the criminal. He was clad in a coarse yellow baize gown, the colour which denotes the crime of murder, and is appropriated always to Judas Iscariot in Spanish paintings. He walked slowly on his last journey, half supported by those around him, and stopping often, ostensibly to kiss the crucifix held before him by a friar, but rather to prolong existence—sweet life!—even yet a moment. When he arrived reluctantly at the scaffold, he knelt down on the steps, the threshold of death; the reverend attendants covered him over with their blue robes,—his dying confession was listened to unseen. He then mounted the platform, attended by a single friar; addressed the crowd in broken sentences, with a gasping breath; told them that he died repentant, that he was justly punished, and that he forgave his executioner. ‘*Mi delito me mata, y no ese hombre*’ (my offence puts me to death, and not *this fellow*): as *ese hombre* is a contemptuous expression, and implies insult, the ruling passion of the Spaniard was displayed in death against the degraded functionary. The criminal then exclaimed, ‘*Viva la fe! viva la religion! viva el rey! viva el nombre de Jesus!*’ All of which met no echo from those who heard him. His dying cry was, ‘*Viva la Virgen Santissima!*’ At these words the devotion to the god-

dess of Spain burst forth in one general acclamation, ‘*Viva la Santissima!*’ So strong is their feeling towards the Virgin, and so lukewarm their comparative indifference towards their king, their faith, and their Saviour. Meanwhile the executioner, a young man dressed in black, was busied in the preparations for death. The fatal instrument is simple: the culprit is placed on a rude seat, his back leans against a strong upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, enclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home to the post by turning a powerful screw. The executioner bound so tightly the naked legs and arms of Veneno, that they swelled and became black; a precaution not unwise, as the father of this functionary had been killed in the act of executing a struggling criminal. The priest who attended Veneno was a bloated, corpulent man, more occupied in shading the sun from his own face than in his ghoulish office; the robber sat with a writhing look of agony, grinding his clenched teeth. When all was ready, the executioner took the lever of the screw in both hands, gathered himself up for a strong muscular effort, and, at the moment of a preconcerted signal, drew the iron collar tight, while an attendant flung a black handkerchief over the face; a convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest were the only visible signs of the passing of the robber’s spirit. After a pause of a few moments, the executioner cautiously peeped under the handkerchief; and after having given another turn to the screw, lifted it off, folded it up, carefully put it into his pocket, and then proceeded to light a cigar

‘with that air of satisfaction

Which good men wear who’ve done a virtuous action.’ The face of the dead man was slightly convulsed, the mouth open, the eye-balls turned into their sockets from the wrench. A black bier, with two lanterns fixed on staves, and a crucifix, was now set down before the scaffold—also a small table and a dish, into which alms were again collected, to be paid to the priests who sang masses for his soul. The mob having discussed his crimes, abused the authorities and judges, and criticised the manner of the new executioner (it was his maiden effort), began slowly to disperse, to the great content of the neighbouring silversmiths, who ventured to open their closed shutters, having hitherto placed more confidence in bolts and bars than in the moral example presented to the spectators. The body remained on the scaffold till the afternoon; it was then thrown into a scavenger’s cart, and led by the *pregonero*, the common crier, beyond the jurisdiction of the city, to a square platform called *La mesa del Rey*, the king’s table, where the bodies of the executed are quartered and cut up—a pretty dish to set before a king! Here the carcass was hewed and hacked into pieces by the bungling executioner and his attendants, with that inimitable defiance of anatomy for which they and Spanish surgeons are equally renowned—

‘Le gambo di lui gettaron in una fossa;
Di Diavol ebbe l’alma, i lupi l’ossa.’

The legs of the robber were thrown in a hole;
The wolves got his bones, the devil his soul.’

[To be continued.]

EUROPEAN TOUR OF AN AMERICAN PRINTER.

Views a-foot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff. By J. Bayard Taylor. With a Preface by N. P. Willis. In 2 Parts. Pp. 393. London, Wiley and Putnam.

An extensive run over Europe by a journeyman American printer, and possessing much of that talent which is not uncommon in the order to which he belongs, always engaged, even if only in appearance mechanically, with matters of instruction and mental cultivation. The title-page is not a favourable vestibule to the literary erection, nor a good specimen of the English language and construction. *Views a-foot* might be cautiously mistaken for perceptions limited to that small distance of twelve inches, and seeing with knapsacks and staffs is somewhat problematical in meaning. We,

however, understand it; and Mr. Willis’ preface gives us more interesting particulars of the clever pedestrian whose track is here traced by his own hand. Whilst yet an apprentice he was a poet; and his ambition to enlarge his ideas by two years’ travel, with very limited resources and literally working his way, has shewn an honourable result in this publication, which is stated to have met with much popularity in his native land. As his transitions, however, were very rapid, and he traversed much trodden ground, we shall not deem it necessary to do more than afford a few examples of his descriptions on points most likely to be attractive to our readers. His voyage, landing in Ireland, and trip to Scotland, prelude his visit to London, of which his account is brief. The crowded streets seem to have astonished him.

“How lonely (he says) it makes one, to stand still and feel that of all the mighty throng which divides itself around him, not a being knows or cares for him! What knows he, too, of the thousands who pass him by? How many who bear the impress of godlike virtue, or hide beneath a goodly countenance a heart black with crime? How many fiery spirits, all glowing with hope for the yet unclouded future, or brooding over a darkened and desolate past in the agony of despair? There is a sublimity in this human Niagara, that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.” * * Continuing our way up Fleet Street, which, notwithstanding the gaiety of its shops and its constant bustle, has an antique appearance, we came to the Temple Bar, the western boundary of the ancient city. In the inside of the middle arch the old gates are still standing. From this point we entered the new portion of the city, which wore an air of increasing splendour as we advanced. The appearance of the Strand and Trafalgar Square is truly magnificent. Fancy every house in Broadway a store, all built of light granite, the Park stripped of all its trees and paved with granite, and a lofty column in the centre, double the crowd and the tumult of business, and you will have some idea of the view. It was a relief to get into St. James’s Park, among the trees and flowers again. Here beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were hundreds of water-fowl swimming. Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming every where at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees towards St. Paul’s: through the grove on the eminence above, the towers of St. James’s could be seen. But there was a dim building, with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to Westminster Abbey.”

We fancy a London vision would never suppose St. James’s Palace to be on an eminence! But these are the trifling inaccuracies of all hurrying travellers; and another instance also is such as the following:

“The National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, is open four days in the week to the public. The ‘Rising of Lazarus,’ by Sebastian del Piombo, is considered the gem of the collection; but my unshod eyes could not view it as such.”

The general remarks are more striking:

“But if London is unsurpassed in splendour, it has also its corresponding share of crime. Notwithstanding the large and efficient body of police, who do much towards the control of vice, one sees enough of degradation and brutality in a short time to make his heart sick. Even the public thoroughfares are thronged at night with characters of the lowest description, and it is not expedient to go through many of the narrow bye-haunts of the old city in the day-time. The police, who are ever on the watch, immediately seize and carry off any offender; but from the statements of persons who

have had from my that the crime, world, b thing prevent Aug and by managed object of in mapped lodgings slept off Che might b and they have pa here do Our Ireland lar each we may shews the scenes o people by all w comfort We leave shall di As we we may York Co “I yed con this win Wal graph b pose. I chorin hand. speakin German rican, a musical call on Dresden particu seen a stamp o Byron’s never b lofty and ness and raven b age, in of his compo success poser o brated and hi that in great & of the g Pres lengthen the au circum very re whole o of Lon necess I calle procur with m ship, th men w on whic ment f and the rival o

have had an opportunity of observing, as well as from my own slight experience, I am convinced that there is an untold amount of misery and crime. London is one of the wonders of the world, but there is reason to believe it is one of the curses of the world also; though, in fact, nothing but an active and unceasing philanthropy can prevent any city from becoming so.

"Aug. 22.—I have now been six days in London, and by making good use of my feet and eyes have managed to become familiar with almost every object of interest within its precincts. Having a plan mapped out for the day, I started from my humble lodgings at the Aldgate Coffee-House, where I slept off fatigue for a shilling a night, and walked up Cheapside or down Whitechapel, as the case might be, hunting out my way to churches, halls, and theatres. In this way, at a trifling expense, I have perhaps seen as much as many who spend here double the time and ten times the money. Our whole tour from Liverpool hither, by way of Ireland and Scotland, cost us but twenty-five dollars each! although, except in one or two cases, we denied ourselves no necessary comfort. This shews that the glorious privilege of looking on the scenes of the old world need not be confined to people of wealth and leisure; it may be enjoyed by all who can occasionally forego a little bodily comfort for the sake of mental and spiritual gain. We leave this afternoon for Dover. To-morrow I shall dine in Belgium!"

As we now expect the famous Mendelssohn here, we may anticipate his arrival by what the New York Compositor tells us about him.

"I yesterday visited Mendelssohn, the celebrated composer. Having heard some of his music this winter, particularly that magnificent creation, the *Walpurgisnacht*, I wished to obtain his autograph before leaving, and sent a note for that purpose. He sent a kind note in answer, adding a chorus out of the *Walpurgisnacht* from his own hand. After this, I could not repress the desire of speaking with him. He received me with true German cordiality, and on learning I was an American, spoke of having been invited to attend a musical festival in New York. He invited me to call on him if he happened to be in Leipzig or Dresden when we should pass through and spoke particularly of the fine music there. I have rarely seen a man whose countenance bears so plainly the stamp of genius. He has a glorious dark eye, and Byron's expression of a 'dome of thought' could never be more appropriately applied than to his lofty and intellectual forehead, the marble whiteness and polish of which are heightened by the raven hue of his hair. He is about forty years of age, in the noon of his fame and the full maturity of his genius. Already as a boy of fourteen he composed an opera, which was played with much success at Berlin; he is now the first living composer of Germany. Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish philosopher, was his grandfather; and his father, now living, is accustomed to say that in his youth he was spoken of as the son of the great Mendelssohn; now he is known as the father of the great Mendelssohn!"

Press we on to nearer the close for one more lengthened illustration. After his long ramble the author returns to London, and says: "My circumstances on arriving at London were again very reduced. A franc and a half constituted the whole of my funds. This, joined to the knowledge of London expenses, rendered instant exertion necessary, to prevent still greater embarrassment. I called on a printer the next morning, hoping to procure work, but found, as I had no documents with me to shew I had served a regular apprenticeship, this would be extremely difficult, although workmen were in great demand. Mr. Putnam, however, on whom I had previously called, gave me employment for a time in his publishing establishment, and thus I was fortunately enabled to await the arrival of a remittance from home. Mrs. Trollope, whom I met in Florence, kindly gave me a letter

to Murray, the publisher, and I visited him soon after my arrival. In his library I saw the original portraits of Byron, Moore, Campbell, and the other authors who were intimate with him and his father. A day or two afterwards I had the good fortune to breakfast with Lockhart and Bernard Barton, at the house of the former. Mr. Murray, through whom the invitation was given, accompanied me there. As it was late when we arrived at Regent's Park, we found them waiting, and sat down immediately to breakfast. I was much pleased with Lockhart's appearance and manners. He has a noble manly countenance—in fact, the handsomest English face I ever saw—a quick dark eye, and an ample forehead, shaded by locks which shew, as yet, few threads of grey. There is a peculiar charm in his rich, soft voice; especially when reciting poetry, it has a clear organ-like vibration, which thrills deliciously on the ear. His daughter, who sat at the head of the table, is a most lovely and amiable girl. Bernard Barton, who is now quite an old man, is a very lively and sociable friend. His head is grey and almost bald, but there is still plenty of fire in his eyes and life in his limbs. His many kind and amiable qualities endear him to a large circle of literary friends. He still continues writing, and within the last year has brought out a volume of simple, touching 'Household Verses.' A picture of cheerful and contented old age has never been more briefly and beautifully drawn than in the following lines, which he sent me, in answer to my desire to possess one of his poems in his own hand:

Stanzas.

I feel that I am growing old,
Nor wish to hide that truth;
Conscious my heart is not more cold
Than in my by-gone youth.

I cannot roam the country round,
As I was wont to do;
My feet a scantier circle bound,
My eyes a narrower view.

But on my mental vision rise
Bright scenes of beauty still:
Morn's splendour, evening's glowing skies,
Valley, and grove, and hill.

Nor can infirmities o'erwhelm
The purer pleasures brought
From the immortal spirit's realm
Of Feeling and of Thought!

My heart, let not dismay or doubt
In thee an entrance win;
Thou hast enjoyed thyself without—
Now seek thy joy within!

During breakfast he related to us a pleasant anecdote of Scott. He once wrote to the poet in behalf of a young lady who wished to have the description of Melrose, in the 'Lay of the last Minstrel,' in the poet's own writing. Scott sent it, but added these lines to the conclusion:

'Then go, and muse with deepest awe
On what the writer never saw;
Who would not wander 'neath the moon
To see what he could see at noon!'

We went afterwards into Lockhart's library, which was full of interesting objects. I saw the private diary of Scott, kept until within a short time of his death. It was melancholy to trace the gradual failing of all his energies in the very wavering of the autograph. In a large volume of his correspondence, containing letters from Campbell, Wordsworth, Byron, and all the distinguished characters of the age, I saw Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic' in his own hand. I was highly interested and gratified with the whole visit: the more so, as Mr. Lockhart had invited me voluntarily, without previous acquaintance. I have since heard him spoken of in the highest terms of esteem. I went one Sunday to the church of St. Stephen, to hear Croly, the poet. The service, read by a drowsy clerk, was long and monotonous; I sat in a side-aisle, looking up at the dome, and listening to the rain which dashed in torrents against the windowpanes. At last, a tall grey-haired man came down the passage. He bowed with a sad smile, so full of benevolence and resignation, that it went into

my heart at once, and I gave him an involuntary tribute of sympathy. He has a heavy affliction to bear—the death of his gallant son, one of the officers who were slain in the late battle of Ferozeshaw. His whole manner betrays the tokens of subdued but constant grief. His sermon was peculiarly finished and appropriate; the language was clear and forcible, without that splendour of thought and dazzling vividness of imagery which mark 'Salathiel.' Yet I could not help noticing that he delighted to dwell on the spiritualities of religion, rather than its outward observances, which he seemed inclined to hurry over as lightly as possible. His mild grey eye and lofty forehead are more like the benevolent divine than the poet. I thought of 'Salathiel,' and looked at the dignified, sorrowful man before me. The picture of the accursed Judean vanished, and his own solemn lines rang on my ear:

'The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave,
Nor pride, nor poverty dares come
Within that prison-house, that tomb!'

Whenever I hear them, or think of them again, I shall see, in memory, Croly's calm, pale countenance.

'The chimes, the chimes of mother-land,
Of England, green and old;
That out from thane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled!'

"I often thought of Coxe's beautiful ballad, when, after a day spent in Waterloo Place, I have listened, on my way homeward, to the chimes of Marylebone Chapel, sounding sweetly and clearly above all the din of the Strand. There is something in their silvery vibration which is far more expressive than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes weary of a continued toll—the sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clang of metal; but these simple notes, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stunned by the ceaseless roar of carriages, or the mingled cries of the mob, as gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning, and they ring out louder and deeper through the mist; or midnight, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges less noisily than its wont, they are alike full of melody and poetry. I have often paused, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones, dropping down from the darkness, thrilling, with their full, tremulous sweetness, the still air of the lighted Strand, and winding away, through dark silent lanes and solitary courts, till the ear of the care-worn watcher is scarcely stirred with their dying vibrations. They seemed like those spirit-voices, which, at such times, speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be to those who dwell within the limits of their sound, to wake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in with their midnight fancies, like the musical echo of the promised bliss. I love these eloquent bells, and I think there must be many, living out a life of misery and suffering, to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation. The natures of the very cockneys who never go without the horizon of their vibrations, is, to my mind, invested with one hue of poetry!

"A few days ago, an American friend invited me to accompany him to Greenwich Fair. We took a penny steamer from Hungerford Market to London Bridge, and jumped into the cars, which go every five minutes. Twelve minutes' ride above the chimneys of London and the vegetable-fields of Rotherhithe and Deptford, brought us to Greenwich, and we followed the stream of people which was flowing from all parts of the city into the park. Here began the merriment. We heard on every side the noise of the 'scratches,' or, as the vendors of these articles denominated them, 'the fun of the fair.' By this is meant a little notched wheel, with a piece of wood fastened on it, like a miniature watchman's rattle. The 'fun' consists in drawing them down the back of any one you pass, when they make a sound precisely like that of ripping cloth. The women take great delight

in this; and as it is only deemed politeness to return the compliment, we soon had enough to do. Nobody seemed to take the diversion amiss: but it was so irresistibly droll to see a large crowd engaged in this singular amusement, that we both burst into hearty laughter. As we began ascending Greenwich Hill, we were assailed with another kind of game. The ground was covered with smashed oranges, with which the people above and below were stoutly pelting each other. Half-a-dozen heavy ones whizzed uncomfortably near my head as I went up, and I saw several persons get the full benefit of a shot on their backs and breasts. The young country lads and lasses amused themselves by running at full speed down the steep side of a hill. This was, however, a feat attended with some risk; for I saw one luckless girl describe an arc of a circle, of which her feet was the centre and her body the radius. All was noise and nonsense. They ran to and fro under the long hoary boughs of the venerable oaks that crest the summit, and clattered down the magnificent forest-avenues, whose budding foliage gave them little shelter from the passing April showers. The view from the top is splendid. The stately Thames curves through the plain below, which loses itself afar off in the mist; Greenwich, with its massive hospital, lies just at one's feet, and in a clear day the domes of London skirt the horizon. The wood of the Park is entirely oak—the majestic, dignified, English oak—which covers, in picturesque clumps, the sides and summits of the two billowy hills. It must be a sweet place in summer, when the dark, massive foliage is heavy on every mossy arm, and the smooth and curving sward shines with thousands of field-flowers. Owing to the showers, the streets were coated with mud, of a consistence as soft and yielding as the most fleecy Persian carpet."

We will conclude with the author's curious conclusion.

"The expenses of travelling in England, although much greater than in our own country, may, as we learned by experience, be brought, through economy, within the same compass. Indeed, it is my belief, from observation, that, with few exceptions, throughout Europe, where a traveller enjoys the same comfort and abundance as in America, he must pay the same prices. The principal difference is, that he only pays for what he gets, so that, if he be content with the necessities of life, without its luxuries, the expense is in proportion. I have given, at times, through the foregoing chapters, the cost of travel and residence in Europe, yet a connected estimate will better show the minimum expense of a two years' pilgrimage:

Voyage to Liverpool in the second cabin	Dol. 24.00
Three weeks' travel in Ireland and Scotland	25.00
A week in London at three shillings a day	4.50
From London to Heidelberg	15.00
A month at Heidelberg, and trip to Frankfort	20.00
Seven months in Frankfort, at 10 dol. per month	70.00
Fuel, passports, excursions, and other expenses	30.00
Tour through Cassel, the Hartz, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, etc.	40.00
A month in Frankfort	10.00
From Frankfort through Switzerland, and over the Alps to Milan	15.00
From Milan to Genoa	50
Expenses from Genoa to Florence	14.00
Four months in Florence	50.00
Eight days' journey from Florence to Rome, two weeks in Rome, voyage to Marseilles and journey to Paris	40.00
Five weeks in Paris	15.00
From Paris to London	8.00
Six weeks in London, at three shillings a day	31.00
Passage home	60.00
	Dol. 472.00

The cost for places of amusement, guides' fees, and other small expenses, not included in this list, increase the sum total to 500 dollars, for which the tour may be made. Now having, I hope, established this to the reader's satisfaction, I respectfully take leave of him."

LEWES, ETC.: ANTIQUITIES AND ANIMALCULES.
Thoughts on Animalcules; or, a Glimpse of the Invisible World revealed by the Microscope. By G. A. Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S. Pp. 144. Murray. *A Day's Ramble in and about the Ancient Town of Lewes.* By Dr. Mantell, Author of the "Fossils of the South Down," &c. Pp. 153. London, H. G. Bohn; Lewes, G. P. Bacon.

DR. MANTELL is one of the few writers who know so well how to combine the pleasing with the instructive, that we do not wonder at his preceding publications running quickly through many editions. The little volume last noted above is enough to tempt any one to Lewes for the sake of exploring it with such a Cicerone in hand, and gathering a variety and degree of information, not confined to the locality,* but spread over the history, natural history, and archaeology, of every corner of England. As for Lewes itself:

"There was a period, not very remote, when this 'ancient borough,' as its inhabitants have a prescriptive right to designate it, was the most important town in the county, and when to make known the locality of the then little fishing community of Brightelmstone, it was necessary to describe that place as 'Brighton, near Lewes,' the latter town being, too, the first day's stage for the venturesome Brightonians who hazarded the pains and perils of a journey to London, which it required three days to accomplish. But the ancient glory of Lewes has long since departed, and the old burgh been eclipsed by the splendour and greatness of its overgrown neighbour; it therefore now becomes necessary to invite the attention of the intelligent tourist to the picturesque beauties and interesting features of the county-town of Sussex. That Lewes will speedily rise in importance, and regain its former prosperity, there can be but little doubt; for the beautiful and salubrious situation of the town, the invigorating influence of the climate, and the objects of natural and antiquarian interest with which the environs abound, render it a most desirable resort for visitors of every description, and a charming retreat from the ceaseless turmoil of the metropolis." *

"The early condition of Lewes, like that of most provincial towns, is involved in obscurity; and previously to the eighth or ninth century no credible information respecting its state can be obtained. That it was a place of importance at a very remote period, there can be no doubt; for from its position it commanded the only line of communication that existed in the early centuries between the western and eastern range of Downs, and thence to the sea-ports to the eastward; from which, at that time, intercourse with the Continent was principally carried on. The whole of the country on the north, which now constitutes the Weald district, was an impenetrable forest, and the lowlands were impassable marshes. Of the earliest inhabitants of the country we know nothing, save from Caesar's account of the Britons occupying Kent and the south-eastern coast at the period of the first Roman invasion; and what may be gathered relating to their habits and customs from the relics deposited with their ashes and urns in the sepulchral mounds, which are scattered over the summits and slopes of the Downs. The Romans have left indisputable marks of their presence, in numerous earthworks and encampments; but no traces have been discovered of any permanent station, though antiquaries, with much probability, consider the site of the *Mutuan-tonis*, of Ravennas, to have been that of the present town. *

"Whether the immortal Alfred, the most perfect character that ever wore a crown, resided in Lewes, cannot be ascertained; but it is certain that during his reign the town was strongly fortified; and there is every reason to conclude that a castle was erected on the area subsequently occupied by the

* Local details not consistent with Dr. Mantell's plan are to be found in Mr. Lower's excellent *Hand-Book*, noticed with much approbation in our page.—*Bd. L. G.*

Norman structure of which the keep and gateway still remain. In the reign of Athelstan, Lewes was the chief town of the province, and was allotted two mints for coinage,—Chichester and Hastings having each but one: a proof of the superior importance of the former town.* In the time of Edward the Confessor, as we learn from 'Doomsday,' the king's revenue, in rent and tolls, from Lewes, amounted to 6l. 13s. 1*½*d.; and he had 127 burgesses, who were his immediate vassals, and could be sent to sea whenever the king required a naval force, but whose services were commuted for 20s. when the king went not in person. The entire annual revenue was 26*l.*; but in the time of the Conqueror, only thirty years afterwards, it was 3*l.* Some of the customs of the borough, as recorded in 'Doomsday,' are interesting, as throwing light upon the state of society at that early period.

"The seller of a horse within the borough pays one penny to the mayor, and the purchaser another; if an ox, a halfpenny; if a man, fourpence, in whatsoever place he may be bought within the rape. A murderer forfeits seven shillings and fourpence; a rasher, eight shillings and fourpence; an adulterer, eight shillings and fourpence; an adulteress, the same: the king has the adulterer—the bishop the adulteress. A runaway, or vagabond, that is recovered, pays eight shillings and fourpence. When a new coinage takes place, every master of a mint pays twenty shillings. Of all these forfeitures, the king received two parts; the earl a third."

With the Gundrad, or Gundreda relics our readers are well acquainted through the reported proceedings of the ever active and efficient British Archaeological Association;† and we rejoice to read in Dr. Mantell's *Ramble*, "It is highly gratifying to me, as a native of the 'ancient burgh,' to state, that through the antiquarian zeal and good taste of the Rev. J. Scobell, Mr. Blaauw, Mr. Figg, and other gentlemen of Lewes, a chapel is in the course of erection on the south side of Southover church, for the reception of these relics. Gundreda's tablet will, therefore, after a lapse of more than three hundred years, again protect her remains. And if sufficient funds can be raised, the bones and coffin of William de Warren will be entombed in a similar shrine, bearing the epitaph which, according to the register of Lewes Priory, was inscribed on the original tomb of white marble."

The next piece of intelligence is not so agreeable: "A very remarkable discovery was made near the eastern termination of the foundations by the railway excavators. At the distance of eighteen feet below the surface, they cut through a pit or well, eighteen feet thick, and ten feet in diameter, which was completely full of human bones, the skeletons of bodies that had evidently been interred in a promiscuous heap. This mass of human remains, when first exposed, emitted so nauseous an exhalation, that several of the men employed were ill from its effects. It has been suggested, with much probability, that these bones are the relics of persons who fell in the battle of Lewes in 1264, in the streets and immediate vicinity of the town, and which were gathered together, and afforded Christian burial within the precincts of the priory, by the monks of St. Pancras. In perfect accordance with the spirit of this *railway* age, this heap of skeletons of the patriots and royalists of the thirteenth century, which filled thirteen wagons, was taken away to form part of the embankment of the line in the adjacent brooks!"

With this we leave Dr. Mantell's *Rambles* about Lewes and its vicinity, not only to the visitors of that interesting locality, but to all who desire to read a pleasant volume of much miscellaneous instruction and entertainment.

With regard to the more important work at the head of this notice, we can truly say of it that it is delightfully written and beautifully embellished.

* Mr. Lower mentions, that specimens of the coinage of one of the Lewes mints have recently been dug up at Milton Court, nine miles from Lewes, and are now in the possession of Mr. Charles Ade."

† Fully reported in the *Literary Gazette* alone.

From the contemplation of distant planets, Uranus and the new wonder beyond, it is a source of new gratification to turn to the study of the most minute atoms in creation, the nearest to us and most abundant, but yet the least known, and learn what are their forms, their habits of life, and their value in the mighty universe. These Dr. Mantell demonstrates in the most popular and attractive manner.

MR. FOX TALBOT'S ENGLISH ETYMOLOGIES.

[In continuation.]

We have no general remark to offer in resuming our critical discussion of this acceptable work.

"To melt, to smelt." Germ. schmelzen. A great many German verbs begin with sch, which is apparently superfluous, since it is dropped in other dialects. May it not be the old German particle, ze (to), which has coalesced with the verb? For instance, z'melten may have meant at first to melt, and afterwards have been mistaken for a single word, and pronounced smelt."

Mr. Talbot elsewhere notices the relationship of time and slime, and the correspondence of our sneeze with the German niesen; but as the above is the only explanation he gives of this added S, we fear it must be meant to apply to the whole class of initially *sigmatised* words, one by no means confined to our own language. Thomson observes, that "the Goths, Greeks, and Celts in general, were accustomed to prefix S to their nouns and verbs, either to vary the meaning in some sort, or to produce greater intensity. Thus we have deep, s-deep; melt, s-melt; light, s-light; neese, s-neese, &c., &c." In sch-melzen, sch-leim (s-lime), and other German words, this S has, in obedience to the High German shibboleth, become sch. This disagreeable tendency, originally a mere Upper German provincialism, makes every S before another consonant sch in sound; and High German has made it too often so in spelling also. The Low German dialects, including the Dutch, are quite free from it; and in English the initial S has only suffered this change for the worse before R, as in rivel, sh-rivel. "Z'melten," we need now hardly say, finds no more favour in our eyes than "t-wit, from to wit," or "t-wirl, from to whirl," proposed by certain etymologists, not, we are happy to say, adopted by Mr. Talbot.

As it happens, the "apparently superfluous" hissing prefix in s-melt, and several other words where the German has sch, is not "dropped in other dialects;" our own, however, alone, here as often else, more copious than the German itself, has both melt and s-melt, nip and s-nip, knap and s-nap, nab and s-nab, bar and s-par, tumble and s-tumble, &c., when it has only one form, whether *sigmatic* or not. Of late years this precedent has been followed without excuse, merely as it would seem for the sake of getting in another S, and thus adding to our hissing and reproach among the nations. Thus neese, occurring twice in the Bible (2 Kings iv. 35, and Job xli. 18), and still used in the north, has become s-neese, A.-S. cwsyan (Ger. quetschen) s-squeeze, quash (F. casser, Lat. quassare) s-squash, mash (Danish maske) s-mash; while the vulgar carrying the practice a little farther, call *break*, *crunch*, *quench*, s-break, s-crunch, s-quench, and so on. We have mentioned s-nip and s-nap, our notion of whose formation prevents us from accepting Mr. Talbot's etym., a very good word by the way, for which we are indebted to him. The remaining word of this class noticed in the Etymologies is s-pruce, of which we read:

"Spruce fir.—Prussia was formerly called Pruce by the English. Immense forests of firs are found in that country; and I have been informed by a learned and ingenious friend, that spruce fir means the fir brought 'from Pruce,' or 'out of Pruce.'" We hope neither Mr. Talbot nor his informant

* See Thomson's Etymons at S, part of which is abridged in our quotation.

means to adopt Thomson's (for once) unlucky guess "aus Preussen" (out of Prussia), by way of accounting for the intrusive initial. S-pruce when applied to a species of fir, to the beer flavoured with its essence, or to leather (Johnson quotes Dryden's "The leather was of Pruce"), is merely the old English Pruce sigmatised. In Greek this tendency, sometimes called Attic, may be widely traced; τεύος, σ-τεύος; μαραγδος, σ-μαραγδος; μικρος, σ-μικρος are instances. Though far less common in Latin,* it is pretty frequent in Italian, where, however, it must not be confounded with the s- which stands for Latin *dis-*: *barra*, *s-barra* answer (though not in the exact shades of meaning) to our *bar*, *s-par*; *cassare*, *s-cassare* to *quash*, *s-quash*: *porco*, *s-porco*; *tizzone*, *s-tizzzone*, and many other instances might be added.

In one case Mr. Talbot has just steered clear of a rock on which several other etymologists have made shipwreck.

"*Filly.* According to the present usage of the word, it would seem to come from the Lat. *filia*. But it is more probably the feminine of *foal*, the vowel being altered as in *fox*, fem. *vixen*. Or it may be the Ger. *Füllen* (pronounced *fillen*), a foal." *In medio tulissimum*, say we; the second explanation of the three is the true one, and the analogy of *fox* and *vixen* sound; the A.-S. corresponding words were *Fola*, *Fyle*; *Fox*, *Fixen*.† The Ger. neuter *Füllen* looks like a diminutive from some obsolete form; the Dutch *weeks*, now used only for a shrew, is a feminine, most likely from an older form than their present masculine *vos*. One old Etymologist or -con, we forget which, suggests *filia* as the origin of *filly*; while the learned Junius thinks it is either Gr. *phile* (dear), as applied to a favourite mare, or *Phyllis*, Demophoon's hapless love, referred to by Virgil in the 5th Eclogue! Well might Lye, before giving the true etym, all but correctly, hint that the illustrious man must have been thinking of something else when he wrote this. The great "Francis Junius, son of Francis," must indeed have been nodding; so far could *classic* notions and prejudices bewilder one who was the first northern scholar of his age. Of course "*filly-foal*" is as thorough a solecism as "*vixen-fox*" is, or "*kitten-cat*" would be; but Shakespeare was one who "ordered his speech as most men do, and his wits as the fewest have done." The Ger. *Fuchs*, *Füchsin*, rightly referred to by Mr. Talbot, answers exactly to our *fox*, *vixen*; the change of f into v is yet a common provincial one in the south of England. "A similar change of vowel," he adds, "is seen in *cat* (dim.) *kitten*, *cow* (plur.) *kinde*." The last (like mouse, mice) is the A.-S. cū, plur. cy, the northern *kye* or *kee*, to which an n has been since added.‡

Our *mare*, mentioned by Mr. Talbot as akin to the Celtic *march*, *horse*, seems result of a confusion between the A.-S. *mearl* or *mear* (old High German *marah*), horse, and *myre*, mare; in modern German and Dutch the feminines *milie* and *merrie* only survive.§ We are very glad that Mr. Talbot has not in 'mare' and 'filly' followed Mr. Sullivan, an Irish etymologist, whose great object is to repeal the union (happily as vain an attempt as the like political one) between English and Anglo-Saxon, by proving that "we are indebted to the language of the Romans for far the greater part of our vocabulary!" Full of this mighty project for throwing off the "baneful domination of the mother-tongue," the Hibernian professor crosses the Channel, like too many of his fellow-patriots, and behold the result: "Mare, from Lat. mater, French *mère*, properly signifies a mother; as *filly* from filia

means a daughter."* Vain was Hood's warning voice, "Go not to France," where

"Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters Billies;
They call their mothers mares,
And all their daughters fillies."†

We must do the French justice, however, in the case of another word, which Mr. Talbot, following Johnson, would trace to the north.

"*Callipers.* Quasi *clippers*, from the Anglo-Saxon *clyppan*, to embrace. Johnson has suggested this etymology, which may be considered certain." We do not think so, nor did the mighty doctor, who puts in a qualifying "probable" and "perhaps." First, the vulgar insertion of an extra syllable in a word much in the mouths of educated and scientific men is unlikely; and secondly, its resemblance, both in sound and meaning, to *Calibre*, is, we think, too strong to be accidental. *Calibre* is with us commonly only the bore or measure of a gun or cannon, but the French apply it also to the instrument for measuring it; in fact to the "caliber compasses," "compas courbe," or bowed compasses themselves. The Italian *calibro*, too, is defined "an instrument for measuring cannon-balls;" and in most languages the word seems to denote not only the bore of barrels and the size of halls, but the instrument for measuring both. The addition to these facts, that the received etym. of *calibre* is Latin *cava libra*, hollow measure, leaves, we think, no room to doubt that *callipers* is merely an Anglicised form of *calibre*‡. The plural number may be attributed to that vulgar tendency to pluralise (closely akin to the sigmatisation spoken of above) which, as if we had not sibilants enough already, makes us say *compasses*, *bellows*, *gallows*, and the like, while other nations are content with the singular *compass*, *soufflet*, *potence*, *zirkel*, *blase-bal*, *galgen*, and so on.§

As the work before us nowhere professes to aim chiefly at proving the connexion—a very important one doubtless—between Greek and English, one is surprised to meet constantly with words in the two tongues set side by side, nay sometimes with the addition of "from the Greek," or the like, without any one of the connecting links of language, in a way to lead the unwary to imagine that these "winged words" had actually flown the whole distance from Hellas to Engliland without once alighting by the way. In the cognates themselves, too, thus brought together, very little strikes the eye with which Junius, Skinner, and others have not made it familiar long ago. Etymologists, English ones especially, have not usually been backward in tracing the kinship of these distant relations: what we have failed in hitherto, and miss here, is a faithful account of the connexion of English with Gothic through Anglo-Saxon, illustrated by the kindred northern dialects.|| *Osier*, *rag*, *rain*, *stalk*,

* See a "Dictionary of Derivations; or, an Introduction to Etymology on a new Plan, by Rob. Sullivan, Esq., &c. &c. Dublin." The above is but one instance of the way in which this writer handles our *Saxon* words; with those of palpably Latin, or French origin, he deals for the most part in a sensible and ingenuous manner; and were his work devoted entirely to these latter, to the exclusion of all of Gothic race, it might be both very useful and very interesting to young persons.

† French and English," Comic Annual for 1831.

‡ *Caliver*, the old name for a sort of harquebus, is another form of the same word.

§ It were to be wished, for the sake of the English language, that the "great disposition among the illiterate to pluralise surnames" (Lower's *Essays*, 2d ed. p. 76) were confined either to the illiterate, or to surnames.

|| This reminds us of the introduction to the first edition of Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, which contains a quantity of very useful and interesting information on the cognate dialects in general, but especially on the very pure Teutonic ones of our near kinsfolk the Low Germans and Dutch; which have not, in general, received that attention from English philologists which they deserve. We are sorry to learn that this Introduction is not to be reprinted in the new and otherwise improved edition of this work, which will shortly appear, after being long delayed by the severe and afflicting illness of the author. In favour of Dr. Bosworth's works on Anglo-Saxon grammar, published many years ago, before the labours of Rask and Grimm were known or appreciated in this country (those of the latter, indeed, as regards Anglo-Saxon, were yet very incomplete),

cruise, path, app'e, ram, ready, rather, sick, sicken, speed, lap, lean, brouse, and many other words are thus summarily referred by Mr. Talbot to Greek roots, sometimes on what appear to us very slight grounds. From this partiality for Greek, which he seems to feel his strongest position, we must try to rescue one word of northern parentage. "To gallop is the Greek καλπάζειν, derived from καλπή, a gallop; also a horse which gallops well." But for a certain likeness in sound, and an uncertain one in sense, "amble from Abyla" would satisfy us almost as well as "gallop from Calpe."* The true etym is surely the Gothic gahláupan (A.-S. gebleápan), to run, leap, whence the low Latin callopere, the Italian galoppare, the French galoper, and from the last our gallop. Hereby Mr. Talbot hangs a Latin conjecture for our home-bred *canter*, viz. "Canterius, a horse. Johnson and others derive this word from *Canterbury*, which I think doubtful, to say the least." Now had the fact that "*Canterbury gallop*" was familiarly used for the easy ambling pace affected by pilgrims

• That toward Canterbury wolden ride
• * * * *
The holy blissful martyr for to seke,"

left any doubt on the matter, Mr. Halliwell's quotation of Holme's "*Canterbury rate of a horse*" would suffice to dispel it.†

One word only which is really pure Greek is referred in the "Erymologies" to Old English and Anglo-Saxon dialects in which, as we have hinted, they in general deal very sparingly.

"Halo. Luminous circle, sometimes seen around the sun or moon. Similar circles of light or glories were usually depicted around the heads of the saints. In French *aurore* has both meanings. *Haluwe* is a saint in Old English, whence come the verb to *hallow*, and a *halo*; all from the Anglo-Saxon *halig, holy*." Whether *aurore* ever has both meanings or not, our and the French *halo* is, we believe, simply the Greek *halos* (ἅλως, ἄλως, ἄλω), a threshing-floor, on which the treading animals described a circle; and hence any annular figure, and especially the *corona* or ring in question round the sun or moon.

Mr. Talbot treats several words which England happens to possess in common with Spain, as unceremoniously as we have seen he does those which have a real or supposed Greek affinity, calling them derived from the Spanish, whereas they have undoubtedly come to us through the French from Latin or Gothic, and not even indirectly from the Spanish. Thus we find *cassock*, Spanish *casaca*,‡ a coat.—*Dagger*. From Span. *daga*, which is from Ger. *degen*, a sword.—*Towel*. Span. *toalla*, from French *toile*, a cloth.—*Victuals*. Span. *vitualles*, without any notice of the French *casaque*, *dague*, *toaille*, *victuailles*, evidently the immediate parents of our words. Would it not be quite as reasonable to derive them from the Italian synonyms *casaccia*, *daga*, *tovaglia* and *vittuaglia*? "Javelina, a boar-spear, from *jahali*, a wild-boar," has more claim (though probably eastern) to be called a genuine Spanish word; but none the more to be the source of our *javelin*, when we had the French *javeline* so much nearer at hand. "Rambla,"—now we are on Spanish ground,—"the public promenade at

not much can be said; but the student has long looked forward to the 2d edit. of his Dictionary as likely to prove a most welcome help. It is only to be regretted that the promised reduction in price and bulk must be in part purchased at the cost of so valuable a portion of the first.

* Donnegan says *zaxarēus* is to *frat*; Hederi has—"vulgo calloppo." On the precise meaning of a Greek word, however, we are both less able and less willing to meet Mr. Talbot, than on its connexion with an English one. Is not the Ital. *calpestare*, to tread, trample under foot, the genuine offspring of *zaxarēus* (*zaxarēus*)?

† See also Nares's *Gl. sary*.

‡ "Turncoal" is taken from the Spanish "volver casaca," to forsake one's party" (p. 21). Why not as likely from the French "tourner casaque"? Surely the phrase, like so many others, is common to half-a-dozen languages, none of which can claim it for its own exclusive property.

§ *Towel*, which is traceable through all the Gothic dialects, seems to have no connexion with the French *toile*, from Lat. *tola*.

Barcelona," furnishes Mr. Talbot with a conjecture as to the "quite uncertain etymology" of *ramble*. Now *wambla* appears to mean merely a gravelly or sandy place, here happening to be made into a public walk; and *ramble* is merely a frequentative formed from *roam*, as *hobble* and *nibble*, which Mr. Talbot would also trace elsewhere, are from *hop* and *nip*. Spain, too, affords Mr. Talbot an opportunity of attacking, according to his custom, a received derivation, though we must say that in this case his substitute is at least plausible, and his arguments very ingenious.

"Mustard. The common derivation is from *mustum*, new wine, and *ardor*, heat. But although this opinion is supported, according to Ménage, by "la plupart des Doctes," including Scaliger, I cannot think it at all likely or reasonable. In my opinion the word *mustard** comes from the Span. *mastuerzo*, which, when carelessly pronounced, would become *mastroto*, or *mastort*. Now *mastuerzo* is corrupted from the Latin *nasturtium*: this is rightly proved, as also that this *nasturtium* is a plant nearly akin to mustard, being probably our *cress*.† Hence it is concluded that "all cruciferous plants of hot biting qualities were comprehended by the Latins under the general name of *nasturtium*," which is possible. So far well; but Mr. Talbot must not really expect many readers to go along with him in his conjectural reference (after quoting Varro and Pliny for *nasus* and *torqueo*), of *nas-turtium* to "nose-wort," or in his less qualified one of *sinapis* (mustard) to "Snf, a very ancient word for the nose!" He has fully proved that mustard *might* be derived from the *nasturtium* of the Latins, and that this *nasturtium* was a plant so nearly allied to our mustard that they *might* easily be confounded. Etymologically and botanically therefore his theory would stand, but *culinarily*, we think it will not: in the library or the garden, even in the country of the "Doctes," he would be formidable, but we do not advise him to venture into the *cuisine*. We find on examination that the continental opinion, philological and officinal, of the origin of their celebrated "*préparations sinapiques*," is backed by such an overwhelming and unanimous array of "gourmands," "vinaigriers," "moutardiers," "apothicaire-chimistes," "chefs de cuisine," and "officiers de bouche" of all kinds, to say nothing of Scaliger and Ménage, with the rest of the scholars and lexicographers, French and Italian, that a single Englishman, however strong in science and language, has no chance whatever. It is an indisputable fact that French and Italian mustard is universally made, not like our simple preparation with water, but with *must* or *vinegar*, not to mention the less known ingredients which give the former its acknowledged pre-eminence. "Composition faite de graine de sénévé broyée avec du mout ou avec du vinaigre," says the Académie; "a composition made with *senape* (the plant *sinapis*) and *must* or *vinegar*," says our Italian dictionary. That celebrated repertory of French wit and elegance, and French sensuality and grossness, the *Almanach des Gourmands*‡ speaks of "Le secret de faire le vinaigre, et par conséquent la moutarde," and finds fault with Dijon mustard as being "préparée avec du mout de vin au lieu de vinaigre," and therefore so gentle as to be more fit for children than "gourmets." The poignancy of the vinegar is, we presume, more grateful to the vigorous "*langue d'oil*" of Paris and the north; while the milder must finds more favour with the more sensitive "*langue d'oc*" of the south of France. Its manufacture, we are told, was for-

* Ainsworth's derivation of *mustard* is far inferior, being founded on middle age, and very middling. Latinity, if Latinity at all. After quoting the common etymology of *nasturtium*, he adds:—"quo modo et vocabulum nostrum mustard, ex eo quod must (sive nasi) tortor."

† *Nasturtium officinale*: with this the common *nasturtium* (*tropaeolum majus*), an American plant, has no botanical affinity, only resembling our mustard and cresses in its nose-tweaking properties; hence, by the way, some of our native plants are vulgarly called *nose-smart*, which answers closely to the classical *nas-turtium*.

‡ *Secondes Années*, p. 93-90.

merly confined to the vinegar-makers, who bound themselves by an oath not to divulge the secret; and the proverbial phrase, "Il n'appartient pas à tout vinaigrier de faire de bonne moutarde," is still current. The Italians, moreover, usually call the plant *senape* (the botanic *sinapis*) and the condiment always *mostarda*. The Spaniards too, whose support would be most valuable to Mr. Talbot, stand aloof, for they do not confound their *mastrozo*, *nasturtium*, *cress*, with *mostaza* and *mostaza*, the mustard plant and mixture; the Portuguese, in like manner, keep their *mastroço* and *mostarda* distinct. On the whole, we cannot help thinking that the French and Italian "Doctes," and their gastronomic and culinary allies, have so much the best of it, that our solitary English "Docte" will be compelled to own that what must be must, in the case of *must-ard**, as in other matters.

It is well known that the streams of language are in some measure confluent, and apt to mingle their waters, and that a few English words have thus sprung from the coalition or confusion of two roots.† One of Mr. Talbot's favourite notions, as we have already observed, is that this class of words is far more numerous and more important than is commonly believed; and he devotes many pages to the vain attempt to prove a double origin in several cases where we see not the slightest ground for suspecting any such cross in the breed. Three of the most harmless instances of this fancy, for we do not think they will convince any one, may be quoted.

"My lord. The French say 'un milord anglais,' and they have often been blamed for their inaccuracy in taking the pronoun 'my' to be part of the title; but, curiously enough, this error may be traced to its source. The English phrase 'my lord' has been confused with the Welsh or Briton *milwr*, a gentleman, a cavalier (pronounced nearly as *milür* or *milör*). It is the Latin *miles*, knight, a soldier." Instead of any argument, we will only ask why then does one never hear of "*des milords bas-bretons*" in France, or of "*un milord frances*" in Italy? Celtic, a rather vague appellation, is often a refuge for the destitute etymologist; and Britany, which more than once stands our author in good stead, furnishes him with another of these supposed coadjutor roots to help him to account for "the innumerable tribe of French Marquises," whose ranks he thinks must have been swelled by troops of Breton "*marcheks*, i.e. cavaliers, chevaliers, from *march cheval*." To do Mr. Talbot justice, he does not in his account of this word, more of which need not be quoted, quite miss the Teutonic *mark*, any more than he altogether slights the English *lord* in the former; but his thus stealing an "Armoric" march on the unwary reader is, we really think, quite unjustifiable. In *Marigold*, the third word to be noticed, Mr. Talbot, thinking he detects a second derivation in a second application, and not therefore satisfied with Johnson's single matter-of-fact etymology, again betakes himself to France; but this time to Latin not Celtic France, whence he brings back two distinct roots whereby to compound two mongrel words to his mind.

"*Marygold* was called in old French *herbe du soleil*, or *de Clitie*, and *goudre* (derived from gold). Another old name was *sponsa solis*. This and *de Clitie* both allude to the fable of Clytie, beloved by Apollo, and changed into a sun-flower. (See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.) What was the origin of that fable? It is remarkable that the name of the *marygold* answers to *sponsa solis*; for, as we have seen in the preceding articles, *gold* and *sol* were originally the same name, and *marie* means *sponsa*.

* Whether *-ard* really stands for *ardor* (heat), or is a mere nominal termination, may be doubted; though as "la plupart des doctes" seem right in the first syllable, they are likely to be so in the other; but it cannot be here discussed.

† See Mr. Taylor's *Additional Notes to Tonke*, p. xxii., on which it may be observed, that the confusion with *isle*, which has given rise to the false spelling *island*, noticed also by Mr. Talbot, p. 140, was pointed out (perhaps first) by Mr. Thomson: *gland*, or *iland*, is a common old spelling.

Marsh marygold. Supposed to be the caltha of the ancients. This is a very different flower from the common *marygold*, and therefore, if that name is properly applied to it, I think that it must be in a different sense, and that the first part of the name *marygold* must in this case mean a *mere* (in French *mare*) ; that is, a watery place, or pool. *Marygold* would then mean '*or des marais*', the '*mere-gold*'." Now *marigold* is the trivial name for several distinct plants, British and foreign, agreeing chiefly in bearing bright yellow flowers. Thus we call a *calendula*, *garden marigold*; the *tagetes*, *French and African marigold*; the *caltha*, *marsh marigold*; the *bidens*, *bur marigold*; the *chrysanthemum segetum*, *corn marigold*; not as supposing them all nearly akin, still less of the same genus, but, not on that account dreaming of hunting for more than one derivation for what is evidently one and the same name popularly applied to various plants, all however composite except the *caltha*, which has no botanic affinity with the rest. As cases in point, who either thinks the bog-myrtle, or the evening-primrose, or the ground-ivy, a true ivy, or primrose, or myrtle, or denies that they are merely so called familiarly from some likeness, real or fancied, to their namesakes? Which, however, of the marigolds was first so called, and furnished the type and name for this unspecific tribe of plants, it is neither easy, nor at all material, to decide. Johnson's description :—"A yellow flower, devoted, I suppose, to the Virgin," will serve for them all : while Shakespeare's

" And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,"

applies to all, we believe, but the marsh marigold botanically, and to that also etymologically : which species he actually meant we cannot say. Most of the composite radiate flowers close at night; *calendula pluvialis* (not then introduced) before rain also. *Arvensis*, a common French plant, opens at about 9 A.M. according to Richard's *Horlogie de Flore*, in his *Eléments de Botanique*, much too late for Clotet's "music o' mornings". *Officinalis*, our common garden marigold, is a much earlier riser, but was rather a new plant in Shakespeare's time ; so that he probably alluded to some native species. However this may be, all *Mary-golds*, whether of the corn, bur, marsh, or garden kind, were evidently so named in honour of the Virgin Mary, and from their golden hue.

DR. TSCHUDI'S TRAVELS IN PERU.

[Third notice.]

In one place the Dr. relates : "The person who officiated as medical superintendent of the plantation shewed me all the arrangements of the establishment. He gave me an account of his cures and operations, and told me that he often found it necessary to amputate, because the slaves purposely injure their fingers and arms in the phalanxes (machines) in order to disable themselves. The worthy Esculapius had never in his life read a regular medical work. He had originally been an overseer of slaves, and had afterwards turned doctor. He informed me that, some time before I saw him, ninety negroes, his patients, had died of small-pox in the space of nine months, whereby the owner of the plantation had lost 45,000 dollars. The hospital was clean and well fitted up, but over-crowded with sick. Most of them died from intermitting fever, and from dropsey and rheumatism which followed it. Not a few of the male negroes suffer from a peculiar kind of cutaneous disease, which shews itself by large pustules on the arms and breast. After suppuration they dry and fall off, but leave indelible spots, which, on a black skin, are of a whitish colour ; on a brown skin, olive-green ; and, on a white skin, black. I never saw the disease in any other part of the country except in this valley. Negroes and persons of mixed blood are more subject to it than the whites."

Proceeding, it is stated that "in November the

summer commences. The rays of the sun are reflected on the light-grey sandy carpet, and are reflected back with scorching power. Every living thing which does not quickly escape from their influence, is devoted to certain destruction. No plant takes root in the burning soil ; and no animal finds food on the arid lifeless surface. No bird, no insect, moves in the burning atmosphere. Only in the very loftiest regions, the king of the air, the majestic condor, may be seen floating, with daring wing, on his way to the sea-coast. Only where the ocean and the desert blend with each other is there life and movement. Flocks of carion crows swarm over the dead remains of marine animals scattered along the shore. Otters and seals impart life to the inaccessible rocks ; boats of coast birds eagerly pounce on the fish and mollusca cast on shore ; variegated lizards sport on the sand-hills ; and busy crabs and sea-spiders work their way by furrows through the humid coast. The scene changes in May. A thin veil of mist then overspreads the sea and the shore. In the following months the thickness of the mist increases, and it is only in October that it begins to disperse. In the beginning and at the end of the period called winter, this mist commonly rises between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and disappears about three P.M. It is heaviest in August and September ; and it then lies for weeks immovable on the earth. It does not resolve into what may be properly called rain, but it becomes a fine minute precipitate, which the natives call 'garua' (thick fog or drizzling rain). Many travellers have alleged that there are places on the Peruvian coast which have been without rain for centuries. The assertion is to a certain degree correct, for there are many districts in which there never is rain except after an earthquake, and not always even then."

"Though the garua sometimes falls in large drops, still there is this distinction between it and rain, that it descends not from clouds at a great height, but is formed in the lower atmospheric regions, by the union of small bubbles of mist. The average perpendicular height over which this fog passes does not exceed one thousand two hundred feet ; its medium boundary is from seven to eight hundred feet. That it is known only within a few miles of the sea is a highly curious phenomenon ; beyond those few miles it is superseded by heavy rains ; and the boundary line between the rain and the mist may be defined with mathematical precision. I know two plantations, the one six leagues from Lima, the other in the neighbourhood of Huacho : one-half of these lands is watered by the garua, the other half by rain, and the boundary line is marked by a wall. When the mist is set in, the chain of hillocks (*lomas*) bordering the sand-flats on the coast undergoes a complete change. As if by a stroke of magic, blooming vegetation over-spreads the soil, which, a few days previously, was a mere barren wilderness. Horses and cattle are driven into these parts for grazing, and during several months the animals find abundance of rich pasture. * * *

"The number of birds in this very extensive quarter of Peru (the marine and river fowl being excepted), is very inconsiderable. The scarcity of woods and high trees may probably account for this. Besides the carion vulture, condors collect in great numbers on the shore to prey on the stranded whales. Falcons seldom appear, except the small sparrow-hawk (*Falco sparverius*, L.) which is very numerous in Peru. One of the most common birds is the little earth-owl (*Noctua urucurea*, Less.), which is met with in nearly all the old ruins scattered along the coast. The pearl-owl (*Strix perlata*, L.), is bred in several plantations, as it is found useful in catching mice. Swallows are not very common ; they do not nestle on the house-tops, but on walls at some distance from towns. The Peruvians give them the euphonious name, *Palomitas de Santa Rosa* (Santa Rosa's little pigeons). Among the singing-birds the crowned

fly-king (*Myioarchus crinitus*, Cab.), is the most distinguished. The head, breast, and belly of this bird are deep red, the wings and back very dark brown. He always plants himself on the highest point of a tree, flies perpendicularly upward, whirls about in the air singing, and drops down again straight to his former perch. The Limenos have given this elegant bird a very unbecoming name, which I need not repeat here. On some parts of the coast it is called *Saca-tu-real* (draw out your real), because his song sounds like these words.

"The cuculi, one of the largest pigeons, is a great favourite. It is kept much in cages. Its song, which is monotonous, yet very melodious, is kept up from the earliest hours of the morning until midday, and it begins again nearly at sunset. The song consists merely of a threefold repetition of *cu-cu-li*. After a pause, it resumes the song again. There are, however, some of those birds which repeat the *cuculi* oftener than thrice, and their price increases according to the number of their uninterrupted repetitions, which seldom exceed five or six. In Cocachacra, however, I heard one of these birds which repeated its *cuculi* fourteen times. The owner would not sell it under fourteen gold ounces."

Up the country "the vegetation is less monotonous and scanty than in the valleys of the coast, and all the fissures of the hills are filled with verdure. The stunted willow (*Salix Humboldti*, Wild.) grows along the banks of the river, and on the less steep declivities is seen the red thorn-apple (*Datura sanguinea*, R. Pav.). To the latter the natives give the names *Huacacahu*, *Yerba de Huaca*, or *Bovachevo* ; and they prepare from its fruit a very powerful narcotic drink, called *tonga*. The Indians believe that by drinking the *tonga* they are brought into communication with the spirits of their forefathers. I once had an opportunity of observing an Indian under the influence of this drink. Shortly after having swallowed the beverage he fell into a heavy stupor : he sat with his eyes vacantly fixed on the ground, his mouth convulsively closed, and his nostrils dilated. In the course of about a quarter of an hour his eyes began to roll, foam issued from his half-opened lips, and his whole body was agitated by frightful convulsions. These violent symptoms having subsided, a profound sleep of several hours succeeded. In the evening I again saw this Indian. He was relating to a circle of attentive listeners the particulars of his vision, during which he alleged he had held communication with the spirits of his forefathers. He appeared very weak and exhausted. In former times the Indian sorcerers, when they pretended to transport themselves into the presence of their deities, drank the juice of the thorn-apple, in order to work themselves into a state of ecstasy. Though the establishment of Christianity has weaned the Indians from their idolatry, yet it has not banished their old superstitions. They still believe that they can hold communication with the spirits of their ancestors, and that they can obtain from them a clue to the treasures concealed in the *huacas*, or graves ; hence the Indian name of the thorn-apple—*huacacahu*, or grave-plant."

To these mingled and interesting tracings of Peru and its inhabitants, we may add another curious fact in regard to animal life :

"I have already described the effect of the Puna climate on beasts of burden. Its influence on some of the domestic animals is no less severe than on the human race. To cats it is very fatal ; and at the elevation of 13,000 feet above the sea those animals cannot live. Numerous trials have been made to rear them in the villages of the upper mountains, but without effect ; for after a few days' abode in those regions, the animals die in frightful convulsions ; but when in this state they do not attempt to bite. I had two good opportunities of observing the disease at Yauli. Cats attacked in this way are called, by the natives, *azores-chados*, and antimony is alleged to be the cause of the distemper. Dogs are also liable to it, but

it visits them less severely than cats, and with care they may be recovered. Another scourge of the traveller in the Cordillera (observes the Doctor), is the disease called the *surumpe*. It is a violent inflammation of the eyes, caused by the sudden reflection of the bright rays of the sun on the snow. By the rarefied air and the cutting wind, the eyes, being kept in a constant state of irritation, are thereby rendered very susceptible to the effects of the glaring light. In these regions the sky is often for a time completely overshadowed by snow clouds, and the greenish yellow of the plain is soon covered by a sheet of snow: then suddenly the sun's rays burst through the breaking clouds, and the eyes, unprepared for the dazzling glare, are almost blinded. A sharp burning pain is immediately felt, and it speedily increases to an intolerable degree. The eyes become violently inflamed, and the lids swell and bleed. The pain of the surumpe is the most intense that can be imagined, and frequently brings on delirium. The sensation resembles that which it may be imagined would be felt if cayenne pepper or gunpowder were rubbed into the eyes. Chronic inflammation, swelling of the eyelids, dimness of sight, and even total blindness, are the frequent consequences of the surumpe. In the Cordillera, Indians are often seen sitting by the road-side shrieking in agony, and unable to proceed on their way. They are more liable to the disease than the Creoles, who, when travelling in the mountains, protect their eyes by green spectacles and veils."

The accounts of the mines, and those employed in them, offer many singular circumstances for notice:

" The few Spaniards who reside in the Sierra are men who have served in the Spanish army, and who, at the close of the war of independence, settled in that part of Peru. Many of them keep shops in the towns and villages, and others, by advantageous marriages, have become the possessors of haciendas. Those who have enriched themselves in this way are remarkable alike for ignorance and pride, and give themselves the most ludicrous airs of assumed dignity. The creoles are the principal traders in articles of European commerce. They journey to Lima twice or thrice a-year to make their purchases, which consist in white and printed calicoes, woolen cloths, hardware, leather, soap, wax, and indigo. In the Sierras, indigo is a very considerable article of traffic: the Indians use a great quantity of it for dyeing their clothes; blue being their favourite colour. Wax is also in great demand; for in the religious ceremonies, which are almost of daily occurrence, a vast quantity of tapers are consumed. The principal articles of traffic produced by the natives are woolen ponchos and blankets, unspun coloured wool, saddle-cloths, stirrups, and horse-shoes. The last-named articles are purchased chiefly by the Arrieros of the coast. It may seem strange that stores of horse-shoes should be kept ready made; but so it is; for though in Europe we make the shoe to fit the hoof, yet in Peru it is the practice to cut the hoof to fit the shoe. On Yca brandy more money is expended than on every other article of trade combined. The quantity of that spirit annually transported to the Sierra exceeds belief. To see the Indians on Sundays and festival-days thronging to the shops of the spirit-dealers, with their jugs and bottles, one might fairly presume that more brandy is drunk in the Sierra in one day than in many of the towns of Europe in a year. In some parts—for example, in the province of Jauja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coin, forty-eight or fifty being counted for a dollar. In the market-place, and in the shops, the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle sort of money: one will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo, and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers, and sent to Lima. From Jauja alone, several thousand loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital."

The following description of a vegetable which

might supply the place of the Potato is peculiarly deserving of attention:

" Maize is the species of grain most extensively cultivated in the Sierra : it is of excellent quality, though smaller than that grown on the coast. Wheat, though it thrives well, is cultivated only in a very limited quantity, and the bread made from it is exceedingly bad. The other species of European grain, barley excepted, are unknown to the Serranos. To compensate for the want of them, they have the quinua (*Chenopodium Quinoa*, L.), which is at once a nutritious, wholesome, and pleasant article of food. The leaves of this plant, before it attains full maturity, are eaten like spinach ; but it is the seeds which are most generally used as food. They are prepared in a variety of ways, but most frequently boiled in milk or in broth, and sometimes cooked with cheese and Spanish pepper. The dried stems of the quinua are used as fuel. Experiments in the cultivation of this plant have been tried in some parts of Germany, and with considerable success. It would appear, however, that its flavour is not much liked ; a circumstance rather surprising to the traveller who has tasted it in Peru, where it is regarded in the light of a delicacy. It were to be wished that the general cultivation of the quinua could be introduced throughout Europe ; for during the prevalence of the potato disease this plant would be found of the greatest utility. It is a well-known fact that potatoes and tea, two articles now in such universal use, were not liked on their first introduction into Europe. The quinua plant, which yields a wholesome article of food, would thrive perfectly in our hemisphere, and, though in its hitherto limited trial it has not found favour, there is no reason to conclude that it may not at a future time become an object of general consumption."

We read on:

"The Serranos are a very social people. In the towns they keep up a continual round of evening-parties, in which singing and dancing are favourite amusements; but on these occasions they indulge in brandy-drinking to a terrible excess. As soon as a party is assembled, bottles and glasses are introduced, and each individual, ladies as well as gentlemen, drinks to the health of the company. For a party of thirty or more persons, not more than three or four glasses are brought in, so that one glass is passed repeatedly from hand to hand, and from mouth to mouth. The quantity of brandy drunk at one of the evening-parties called in the Sierra *jaranas*, is almost incredible. According to my observation, I should say that a bottle to each individual, ladies included, in a fair average estimate, the bottles being of the size of those used in Europe for claret. * * * But if the vice of excessive drinking be occasionally indulged in among the better class of people of the Sierra, it is much more frequent among the Indian inhabitants. Every one of their often-recurring festivals is celebrated by a drinking bout, at which enormous quantities of brandy and chicha are consumed. In some districts of the Sierra the chicha is prepared in a peculiar and very disgusting manner by the Indians. Instead of crushing the *jora* (dried maize-grain) between two stones, which is the usual method, the Indians bruise it with their teeth. For this purpose, a group of men and women range themselves in a circle round a heap of *jora*; each gathers up a handful, chews it, and then ejects it from the mouth into a vessel allotted for its reception. This mass, after being boiled in water, and left to ferment, is the much-admired *chicha mascada* (that is to say, chewed chicha), the flavour of which is said to surpass that of the same beverage made in any other way. But they who have been eye-witnesses of the disgusting process, and who bear in mind various other preparations of Indian cookery in which the teeth perform a part, require some fortitude ere they yield to the pressing invitation of the hospitable Serrano, and taste the proffered nectar. * * *

"Some of the church festivals are celebrated by

The Indians of the Sierra in a manner which imparts a peculiar colouring to the religious solemnities. In the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, they imitate in the churches the sounds made by various animals. The singing of birds, the crowing of cocks, the braying of asses, the bleating of sheep, &c., are simulated so perfectly, that a stranger is inclined to believe that the animals have assembled in the temple to participate in the solemnity. At the termination of the mass, troops of women perambulate the streets during the remainder of the night. Their long black hair flows loosely over their bare shoulders; and in their hands they carry poles with long fluttering strips of paper fixed to the ends of them. They occasionally dance and sing peculiarly beautiful melodies, accompanied by a harp, a fiddle, and a flute; and they mark the measure of the music by the movement of their poles. The celebration of Christmas Day is marked by the appearance of what are termed the *Negritos*. These are Indians, with their faces concealed by hideous negro masks. Their dress consists of a loose red robe, richly wrought with gold and silver thread, white pantaloons, and their hats are adorned with waving black feathers. In their hands they carry gourd bottles, painted in various gay colours, and containing dried seeds. Whilst they sing, the negritos shake these gourds, and mark the time by the rattling of the dried seeds. They perform the dances of the Guinea negroes, and imitate the attitudes and language of a race which they hold in abhorrence and contempt. For the space of three days and nights these negritos parade the streets, entering the houses, and demanding chicha and brandy, with which the inhabitants are glad to supply them, to avoid violence and insult. On New Year's Day other groups of mummers, called *corcobados*, perambulate the streets. They are enveloped in cloaks of coarse grey woollen cloth, their head-gear consists of an old vicuna hat, with a horse's tail dangling behind. Their features are disguised by ludicrous masks with long beards; and, bestriding long sticks or poles, they move about accompanied by burlesque music. Every remarkable incident that has occurred in the families of the town during the course of the year is made the subject of a song in the Quichua language; and these songs are sung in the streets by the corcobados. Matrimonial quarrels are favourite subjects, and are always painted with high comic effect in these satirical songs. The corcobados go about for two days; and they usually wind up their performances by drinking and fighting. When two groups of these corcobados meet together, and the one party assails with ridicule any thing which the other is disposed to defend, a terrible affray usually ensues, and the sticks which have served as hobby-horses are converted into weapons of attack."

These singular customs and manners are yet contrasted with others more remarkable, among a race less known : for the Indians here alluded to all profess Christianity, and must, as *Indios Christianos*, in strict correctness, be distinguished from the wild Indians, *Indios Bravos*, who exclusively inhabit the eastern Montanas of Peru, towards the frontiers of Brazil. These Indios Bravos comprehend numerous tribes, each of which has its own customs, religion, and also, in general, its own language. Only very few of them are known, for since the overthrow of the missions there is little communication with them. Respecting the Indios Bravos who inhabit the Montanas of Southern Peru, I have been unable to collect any accurate information. They remain quite unknown, for impenetrable wilds intervene between them and the civilised world, and seldom has a European foot ventured into their territory. The wild Indians in Central Peru are most set against the Christians, particularly those called *Isuchaninos*, in the Montana de Huanta, and those known by the name of *Chunchos*, in the Montana de Vitoc. The Isuchaninos sometimes maintain with the inhabitants of

Huanta a trade of barter; but this intercourse is occasionally interrupted by long intervals of hostility, during which the Iscuchanos, though rather an inoffensive race, commit various depredations on the Huantanos; driving the cattle from the pastures, carrying off the produce of the soil, and spreading terror throughout the whole district. Some years ago, when the inhabitants of Huanta had assembled for the procession of the Festival of Corpus Christi, a troop of Iscuchanos came upon them with wild bulls, turning the infuriated animals against the procession, which was dispersed, and many of the Huantanos were killed or severely wounded. These Iscuchanos are so favoured by the locality of the district they inhabit, that even were a military expedition sent to drive them farther back into the woods, it would probably be unsuccessful.

"The Chunchos are far more dangerous, and are one of the most formidable races of the Indians Bravos. They inhabit the most southern part of the Pampa del Sacramento (the terra incognita of Peru) and chiefly the district through which flow the rivers Chanchamayo and Perene. Those regions are inhabited by a great number of tribes, most of which are only known by name. The frontier neighbours of the Chunchos are the sanguinary Campas or Antes who destroyed the missions of Jesus Maria in Pangoa, and who still occasionally pay hostile visits to San Buenaventura de Chavini, the extreme Christian outpost in the Montana de Andamarca. The savage race of the Casibos, the enemies of all the surrounding populations, inhabit the banks of the river Pachitea. This race maintains incessant war with all the surrounding tribes, and constantly seeks to destroy them. According to the accounts of the missionaries, they, as well as the Antes and Chunchos, are still cannibals, and undertake warlike expeditions for the purpose of capturing prisoners, whom they devour. After the rainy season, when the Simirinchos, the Ampuahas, or Consbos, hunt in the western forests, they often fall into the hands of the Casibos, who imitate in perfection the cries of the forest animals, so that the hunters are treacherously misled, and being captured, are carried off as victims. Many horrible accounts of this barbarous tribe were related by the missionaries centuries ago, when romantic stories and exaggerations of every kind were the order of the day; but the most recent communications of the missionaries from Ocopa confirm the fact, that in the year 1842 the Casibos continued to be savage anthropophagi. It is worthy of remark that they never eat women; a fact which some may be inclined to attribute to respect for the female sex. It is, however, assignable to a different feeling. All the South American Indians, who still remain under the influence of sorcery and empiricism, consider women in the light of impure and evil beings, and calculated to injure them. Among a few of the less rude nations, this aversion is apparent in domestic life, in a certain unconquerable contempt of females. With the anthropophagi the feeling extends, fortunately, to their flesh, which is held to be poisonous. * * *

"Among many Indians, particularly in the western and northern districts of the Pampa del Sacramento, the *Pocuna* is a weapon much used in hunting. It is made of a long reed, and measures eight or ten, or even more, feet. At one end are fixed two teeth of a javali, or white-lipped peccary (*Dicotyles labiatus*), on which the reed is rested when taking aim. The arrows, which are only one and a half or two inches long, are made of the thick part of a strong cactus stem. In general their small arrows are poisoned; for otherwise the wound would be too inconsiderable to kill even a little bird. The poison for arrows differs almost with every tribe, and very mysterious ceremonies are observed at its preparation. On this account the art of preparing it, and the ingredients employed, are only very partially known to Europeans. Their elements are obtained from several plants not yet defined botanically, among which

the *Aphuaceo* and poison-capsicum are much resorted to. Infusions of the leaves of a very strong kind of tobacco, and of the *Sanano* (*Tabernæmon-tana Sanano*, R.P.), and of *Euphorbiææ*, are also taken. Some modern travellers, contrary to the testimony of the oldest writers on Peru, have asserted that no animal substance is employed in the poison for arrows. I am, however, enabled to state, on the authority of an Indian who had himself often made the poison, that not only the black and very poisonous emmet (*Cryptacrea atrata affin.*), but also the teeth of the formidable serpent known to the Indians by the name of *mituamaro* or *jergon* (*Lachesis picta*, Tsch.), are used for that purpose. The wound of the poisoned arrow is fatal and rapid. Men and large mammalia die in about four or five minutes after receiving the wound; the smaller mammiferous animals and birds, in two minutes. The blow-reed sends these deadly arrows with great certainty to the distance of thirty-two or thirty-six paces. Hunting with the blow-reed must be long practised in order to acquire dexterity in its use, and great caution is requisite to avoid being self-wounded by the small sharp arrows. An example came to my knowledge in the case of an Indian who let an arrow fall unobserved from his quiver; he trod upon it, and it penetrated the sole of his foot; in a very short time he was a corpse. * * *

"The dead are buried in the huts. The survivors having testified their sorrow by a melancholy how three times repeated, leave the place and build a new residence for themselves in a distant district. They break in pieces all the household furniture of the deceased, but they bury with him his warlike weapons and his agricultural implements, under the conviction that he will use them in the place to which he is going. A peculiar custom among several races is this: the oldest son cuts a piece from the heel of his deceased father, which he hangs round his neck, and wears as a sacred relic. Some of the tribes on the Perene and Capanequa do not, like most wild nations, respect the remains of the dead, but throw the bodies into the forest unburied, to be devoured by beasts of prey."

[To be continued.]

A Natural History of the Mammalia. By G. R. Waterhouse, of the British Museum. Baillière. This important and very able work, Part I. of which was noticed in our *Gazette*, No. 1502, has since that period been carried on with indefatigable zeal and scientific intelligence. With Part II. the first volume was concluded, and the whole remarkable order *Marsupials** completely illustrated by a text clear and accurate, and innumerable engravings on wood, and coloured plates. The distribution of the marsupials is an interesting phenomenon in natural history. We find Brazil the great metropolis of the opossums; whilst the Cordilleras have prevented the migration of a single species from the eastern to the western side of that giant mountain-range. But the marsupials of Australia are yet more strangely separated; the east, west, north, and south, presenting different groups, and Van Diemen's Land a fifth, with species peculiar to itself, such as the *Thylacinus* and *Sarcophilus*; though fossil specimens of both these have been found on the main land, where the living creature has apparently died out.

But we need not enter into details. Suffice it to say, that this work, so honourable to the talents of Mr. Waterhouse, is truly excellent of its kind, a welcome accession to our knowledge of natural history and to British science, and a valuable companion to Dr. Prichard's admired and standard *History of Man*. Part 12 has commenced the second volume.

Progressive Geography for Children. Pp. 72. Murray. Has its value marked by "revised fourth edition;" and the *Elements of Geometry* (approved by the

Admiralty for Greenwich Hospital schools) has got the length of a second. To these we have now to add another little elementary work on the *First Principles of Algebra*, also of Mr. Murray's publishing.

The Self-Teaching French Grammar, &c. By J. Tourier. Pp. 339. London, Nutt, P. Rolandi. The number of rules, examples, and exercises, contained in this volume appears fairly and fully to exhaust the subject-matter of French tuition for the English student. With due diligence and a common degree of ability, it will do all, except communicating the Parisian accent and pronunciation, that the learner may require for the grammatical acquisition of the language.

Pontet's Conversational French Grammar. Houlston and Stoneman.

VERY comprehensive and useful, with a judicious and pleasing selection of exercises from sterling authors. English learners will find it a fair guide.

A Literary Mélangé of Prose and Verse. By Sydney Whiting. 2 vols. 12mo. T. C. Newby.

A DRAMATIC sketch and other poetical productions occupy the first of these slight but pleasing volumes, and literary essays of a similar character the second. As many of them have already had a Periodical existence, and we have no means of detecting the old lamps from the new, we must consign them to the public with a fair word and kindly report.

The Works of George Sand. By Matilda M. Hays, author of "Helen Stanley." Pp. 154. Chatton. *The Last Alidui* is the tale with which this strange undertaking for an English lady commences. Mrs. or Miss Hays (we know not which) is a bold woman; in the phraseology of a certain class of critics, earnest, truthful, frank, lofty-purposed, &c., in proof of which she considers Madame Dudevant to be a splendid inculcator of moral and benevolent principles like herself, whose lessons it will be advantageous for such of the sex in England as do not understand French to read in their native tongue.

Digest of Evidence of the Andover Union. By a Barrister. 8vo, pp. 195. J. Murray.

THE blow administered by this important and painful case to the system of poor-law legislation makes its entire and distinct publication a matter of general interest. The great question affected by, if not involved in, it, we shall not couple with a brief incidental notice like this; but we will say, and lament with every feeling heart in the community, it is strange and pitiful that such things can happen in a country professing Christianity. With the immense amount of true charity and humanity in the British empire, it is marvellous to think how Poverty in every shape is punished. We fear it must be confessed that the universal lure of gain is yet more powerful than benevolence, and that amongst us the greatest of all offences is to be poor.

Country Scenes and Subjects. By Rhoda M. Willan, author of "The Flower-Girl," &c. Pp. 246. London, W. Orr and Co.

On the *Flower-Girl* we spoke in terms of warm praise, acknowledging the natural freshness and beauty of the writing; and we rejoice in being able to say that this new volume is a worthy sequel to its promising precursor. The rural sketches, both personal and scenic, are in the one case characteristic, and in the other sweet and pleasing. The embellishments are very pretty and picturesque; and altogether a more modest and unassuming work, with more of merit, gentle thought, and truthful simplicity, could scarcely be recommended to the reader. Several affecting tales add much to the general interest.

A History of Germany, from the Invasion by Marius to the Battle of Leipzig, 1813.

On the plan of Mrs. Markham's Histories (J. Murray), and not unworthy of the excellent models. It is an able and well-written book for juvenile readers.

* From *Marsupium*, a purse or bag.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NODES OF THE SUN'S ORBIT IN SPACE.

27 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road,

January 23d, 1847.

SIR.—According to Professor Mädler's communication to the Royal Irish Academy (see *Literary Gazette* of January 9th), "the plane of this vast orbit of the sun is judged to have an inclination of about 84° to the ecliptic, or to the plane of the actual orbit of the earth; and the longitude of the ascending node of the former orbit on the latter is concluded to be nearly 237°."

In other words, the plane of the solar orbit is that of the Milky Way, and the ascending solar node is in the constellation *Scorpio*, not far removed from the widest part of that zone, where it appears expanded into double belt or annulus of stars, and immediately opposed to the central sun in *Taurus*, longitude about 57°, or 180° from the former; and which is therefore now in the descending node of the solar orbit at the narrowest side of the Milky Way, as we see it in perspective.

Now the consequence of this is, that, provided Professor Mädler's theory be well founded, the present place of the sun in his orbit is no longer a matter of conjecture. He is in his ascending node in *Scorpio*, and his primary (the central sun) is seen by the inhabitants of his attendant planets. In the descending node in *Taurus* our position in space is precisely what the perspective of the Milky Way would appear to indicate; and the gigantic theory has the merit of being a consistent one.

But the question occurs as to this extraordinary coincidence of the sun with one of the cardinal points of his orbit at the date of the discovery: an orbit requiring 80,000,000 of solar years, according to Mädler's data, as shewn in my communication of the 19th inst. (see this day's *Literary Gazette*): and of which it would take 220,000 years to represent the solar day and degree, nearly 4000 for the minute, and more than 9000 years to represent the solar hour, according to our puny divisions of time.

Now this is the very thing we want. The first hour of the solar equinox (to use the terms of our limited ideas) has not yet expired, since that date at which the present date of our rotations with the universe either originated or returned, according to the divine record of these relations. The equinoctial characters of the era, which have performed nearly 6000 revolutions of the lesser orbit, have remained permanent in the greater, the change not exceeding 40 minutes on our dial of time; and the coincidence of the sun with his node is accounted for—the whole in correspondence with an orbit of such immensity as, although as certain in principle as the law of Newton, not yet to have altered the constellations known to the ancients.

It is certain that Mädler's results require a proximate explanation and cause, and the only known or conceivable proximate cause almost seems to require Mädler's results. Whether these, as regards the immediate place of our system, were stated in his memoir does not appear from the report. The omission of the place of the descending node argues the contrary. But whether stated or not, if that of the sun's ascending node be a purely astronomical result, and independently of the proximate cause alluded to, it is an invaluable one; if otherwise, it is less so, although satisfactory if founded on the only legitimate aid to science under such circumstances.—I am, &c.

ISAAC CULLIMORE.

THEORY OF THE ELEVATION OF THE DRY LAND OF THE EARTH BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

Sydney N.S.W., August 1846.

1. THE whole of the dry land of the earth, even to the tops of the highest mountains, has been beneath the ocean.

2. Geological investigations lead to the conclusion, that "a gradual and uninterrupted rising of the ocean-beds would much better account for the

phenomenon of elevation than any partial disturbances, however numerous or vast;"* and that "constant and immutable laws do exist amidst the conflict of local perturbations."[†]

3. If the earth were at rest, it would resolve itself into a perfect sphere by the gravitation of its particles; but its rotation on its axis generates a centrifugal force, which has compressed it at the Poles and protruded it at the Equator, so that its form is that of an oblate ellipsoid.

4. Were the crust of the earth homogeneous, it would maintain the ellipsoid figure of equilibrium which would result from the gravitation of its particles, under the influences of the centrifugal and centripetal forces; but not being homogeneous—being land and water—it is the water only which obeys these forces, and maintains at one level the figure of equilibrium.

5. Although the particles of which the more solid matter of the crust is composed do not move easily among themselves, but have an attraction of cohesion which opposes a certain resistance to the operation of the centrifugal force, still the centrifugal force is not altogether destroyed by the attraction of cohesion, for it must have elevated even the solid parts of the Equatorial regions, which are some six or seven miles higher than the Polar regions, unless the earth was in a fluid or homogeneous state when the spheroidal figure was attained; but, be this as it may, it is evident, that so long as there are any "irregularities in the crust," so long as a "perfect equilibrium has to be attained," so long must the centrifugal force act on the solid parts of the crust, and endeavour, by compressing and upheaving them, to model the crust to the required figure.

6. But the disturbance and derangement caused by chemical combination of the mineral substances of which the solid parts of the crust are composed, prevent the earth from ever attaining that figure of equilibrium which it would so readily assume were its component particles homogeneous. To these adverse agencies, therefore, may be attributed the preservation of the dry land; for the degradation caused by the atmosphere, by rain, and by the constant beating of the ocean on its shores, is so great (as is evidenced by the destruction of former continents), that were it not for the elevating process, it would soon be "all ground down and spread beneath the waters." On the contrary, however, the mountain chains are elevated and maintained at an immense height, and the ocean-beds of coal, chalk, and other deposits, are brought above its level, thus presenting a constant succession of fresh mineral matter for the support of animal and vegetable life, and every variety in the superficial distribution of land and water, and every variety of climate and of organic life.

7. The process of elevation is going on in every part of the world: it may be observed on every sea-shore; and its evidences are written in raised beaches, in ancient sea-walls, in lines of boulders, and in sandstone caves.

8. The whole continent of Australia is in course of elevation; one familiar instance is the formation of the eastern coast about Port Jackson. The successive elevation of sand ridges thereabouts, forming the beds of rivers parallel to the coast, proclaims the effects of a general and synchronous movement; whilst the descent of the largest rivers in the world from the highest mountains, and the gradual declination of the mountains to the sea-shores, speak undeniably of progressive elevation.

9. The beauty, simplicity, and harmony of this adaptation of the motive forces to the production of ceaseless change in the earth's crust makes evident the presence of design, and tends to the conclusion that the oblateness of our own and all the other planets is but a part of the great scheme of the universe, designed to insure their duration by affording a never-ending supply of sustenance and a never-ending variety of form, in accordance with

others; and such beautiful arrangements as those which produce day and night, and the seasons.

10. If this theory be tenable, it will prove to be one of the grandest and most important discoveries in physical science; for all the proceedings of geologists will henceforward be on sure and fixed data; the forms and trending of ancient coasts, the origin of the course of rivers, the age of mountains,—all the changes which the crust has undergone, and even the cause of the inclination and position of strata, may be made evident.

11. This paper is put forth for the purpose of eliciting the attention and remarks of scientific men. Numerous petty objections will no doubt be raised; but if the great moving cause has really been ascertained, time will obviate all such difficulties, and the business of geology will henceforth be to make appearances conform to the theory. Indeed, so imbued is my mind with the soundness of what I have advanced, that all the wonders disclosed by geological research, all the enigmas and difficulties, seem as if they could be readily solved by reference to this theory of centrifugal elevation; in fact, they have all been considered, and will be made the subject of a work now in progress, in which the astronomical, geological, and geographical evidences will be separately treated on. In conclusion, I may state for the benefit of those who are not familiar with these subjects, that there are data for all the facts that are mentioned in this paper.—(From a Correspondent.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 14th.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. The following papers were read: "On the ganglia and nerves of the virgin uterus," by R. Lee, M.D. The author states that his recent dissections have enabled him to verify the descriptions he gave of the ganglia and nerves of the uterus in his papers already published in the Philosophical Transactions, and also to detect the existence of ganglia situated in the muscular coat of the uterus, and of plexuses of nerves accompanying all the blood-vessels and absorbents ramifying in its walls, between the peritoneum and lining membrane. By examining the hearts of a fetus of a child of six years of age, of an adult in the sound state, a human heart greatly hypertrophied, and the heart of an ox, he found that there exists a striking analogy between the ganglia and nerves of the uterus and those of the heart. He ascertained, by microscopic observation, that the muscular and vascular structures of the auricles and ventricles are endowed with numerous ganglia and plexuses of nerves, which, as far as he knows, have not yet been described, and which enlarge simultaneously with the natural growth of the heart, and also continue to enlarge during its morbid conditions of hypertrophy. The author also finds that the size of the ganglia and nerves of the left auricle and ventricle, in the normal state, is more than double that of the corresponding parts on the right side. A description is then given of two elaborate drawings which accompany the paper.

"On a new and practical form of voltaic battery of the highest powers, in which potassium forms the positive element," by Mr. J. Goodman. The author succeeded in constructing a voltaic arrangement of some power by fixing a piece of potassium to the end of a copper wire, placed in a tube containing naphtha, and bringing it in contact with a small quantity of mercury, held by a layer of bladders closing the lower end of the tube, which was itself immersed in acidulated water immediately over a piece of platinum, and then completing the circuit by establishing a metallic contact between the copper wire and the platinum. This battery acted with energy on the galvanometer, and effected the decomposition of water. A series of twelve pairs of similar plates exhibited a sensible attraction of a slip of gold leaf. Thus it appears that the substance which possesses the highest chemical

* Phillips.

+ Humboldt.

affinity manifests also the greatest power of electrical tension.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 20th.—Mr. Horner, president, in the chair. The following papers were read: "On the wave of translation in connexion with the northern drift," by Dr. Whewell. In this memoir the author, after referring to the northern drift, and the causes that had been suggested for explaining its phenomena, and stating the meaning and properties of the wave of translation, proceeded to discuss some of the results of its operation. He assumed for this purpose a certain quantity of material to be distributed within a given area, and shewed by simple calculation different expressions for the amount of paroxysmal force that would be needed. He considers, however, that paroxysmal force is necessary; but that a movement, although small, will, if sudden, produce effects resembling those to be accounted for. He concluded by observing, that a wave of translation differs but little from the *débâcles* assumed by earlier geological speculators. A memoir was then read, "On the slow transmission of heat through loosely coherent clay and sand," by Mr. J. Nasmyth. The object of this communication was to describe an instance of the low conducting power of clay and sand, in which a thickness of half an inch of such matter intercepted the heat of a mass of eleven tons of white-hot melted cast iron for twenty minutes, without the heat on the outside of the vessel being sufficient to pain the hand. The author added some remarks as to the bearing of this fact on geological theory. A notice was also read "On a new clinometer," by Mr. R. B. Grantham, being a description of the instrument, which was presented to the Society.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 25th.—Sir R. I. Murchison in the chair. Col. Jackson continued and concluded his paper "On the history, and in explanation of the various methods of representing the relief of the ground in topographical maps." The former part was reported in *Literary Gazette*, No. 1561; the present principally referred to the contour system, or the mode of representing elevations by curves of equal altitude. The first idea of this method, according to Lacroix, is due to M. Ducarla, but first published in 1784 by M. Dupain Triel. It consists in projecting horizontally on the map, lines passing through points equally raised above the level of the sea, marking the limits of the ocean if, by any cause, it should rise to the several heights indicated. In the application, however, of the method, it was immediately perceived that the vertical height of the imaginary planes, whose intersections with the elevations of the ground were to be projected, must be a fixed quantity; but in order to prevent the curves of projection being very far apart for acclivities, or very near together for steep mountains, intersecting horizontal planes were made to vary in height according to the scale of the map and to the nature of the country. This is one of the disadvantages of the system; slight, however, and to a certain degree obviated: but there are others independent of the scale of the map or the nature of the slopes.

Whether the sea level, or any other plane of projection, be taken, the curves drawn on that plane may belong equally to concave or convex surfaces above or below it. And unless something more be added, it would not be possible to know whether a projected curve represented an elevation or a depression, or whether the series were situated above or below the plane of projection. For distinction, therefore, numbers indicating the rise from the lower to the higher levels, and from the higher to the lower, were superadded. The necessity for such distinction constantly occurs in practice. Whenever three or more hills rise in the vicinity of each other, it generally happens that the bases of their internal slopes are on a higher level than

those of their external slopes; and where this is the case, there will be contours belonging to depressions as well as to heights, whence the necessity for distinguishing them is evident. The variety of curves, and the arrangement of figures, as also the proposition of Capt. Vetch to shade the curves slightly on the side which the ground falls, were described and discussed. Confusion, then, attaches to the system in its simplest form; but when the levels are taken with rigid accuracy, a geometric drawing is obtained, applicable to many useful purposes—for draining, for the construction of roads, canals, &c.; and a correct defilement in the construction of fortifications. It is, moreover, of easy execution, requires less time, and is therefore more economical than any other method having an equal degree of geometric accuracy. It is, however, applicable only to small extents of ground. This latter assertion Col. Jackson intended to be understood relatively. For if the vertical distances of the horizontal plane of intersection are well chosen, according to the nature of a country and the scale of the map on which it is laid down, and if the map be not overburdened with details and names, so that the contour lines may be easily traced and taken in at one view, then the application of the contour system becomes highly important for the study of physical geography.

Until 1817 the French continued to employ various systems of mountain drawing, some still using the oblique light, others the vertical light, &c.; and the discussion between the advocates of the different systems was animated. In 1826, when the engraving of the new map of France was about to commence, a committee was appointed by the then Minister of War to take the matter into serious consideration, and to decide upon some uniform system. Each member of the committee explained the method adopted by the corps, the school, or the department they severally represented. Thus it was shewn, that the Polytechnic School, the schools of application of the Ponts et Chaussées, and of the Geographical Engineers, the Artillery and Engineer School of Metz, the Ecole d'Etat Major, the mining corps, and the school of St. Cyr, from 1805 to 1826, employed different methods; a circumstance which could not be otherwise than detrimental to the public service, and most inconvenient to all who had to consult topographical maps. They were, so to say, written in so many different languages, the alphabets of which being unknown to the mass, they were necessarily unintelligible. The final determination of the committee was given in 1828; their recommendations have been ever since acted upon, and they constitute the present French system for topographical maps as far as the representation of relief of the ground is concerned.

These recommendations for maps drawn or engraved were, that the curves being the horizontal projections of horizontal planes intersecting the elevations, should express the relief of the ground in maps and plans whose scale shall be larger than $\frac{1}{1000}$; in any of a smaller scale, there should be between the horizontal curves, etched lines to represent the horizontal projections of the slopes of greatest rapidity, the lines to be drawn perpendicularly to the two curves between which they are traced; the distance between the etched lines should be in the inverse proportion to the rapidity of the slopes, and equal to $\frac{1}{4}$ the distance comprised between two concentric curves; should the lines diverge too much, the above distance to be measured on a line perpendicular to the etched lines, and drawn through their centre: should the distance be less than two millimetres (about $\frac{1}{80}$ of an inch), thickness, increasing in the ratio of the steepness of the slope, should be adopted instead of lines; the projection of the curves shall be marked, either by bringing the etched lines into contact with the curves, taking care that those between any two curves shall not be the prolongation of those next above and below, or by stopping the etched line short of the curves, so as to leave a

narrow white zone between them; the height of the principal points shall be marked; the height of the zero point, the lowest on the map, above the sea to be ascertained, and all below the sea have the negative sign (—) prefixed: all consideration of light to be entirely set aside.

With the foregoing system, however, the method of Colonel Bonne was incorporated. This system is a compound of contours with etched lines in the direction of the slopes. These etched lines vary in thickness as well as in distance, so as to produce tints whose intensity of shade varies exactly as the sines of the angles of the slopes which these tints are intended to represent; and there is established a separate scale of tints for each scale of topographical maps. At the Dépôt de la Guerre, where Col. Bonne's system is adopted, these scales are ten in number, viz. $\frac{1}{1000}$, $\frac{1}{1500}$, $\frac{1}{2000}$, $\frac{1}{2500}$, $\frac{1}{3000}$, $\frac{1}{3500}$, $\frac{1}{4000}$, $\frac{1}{4500}$, $\frac{1}{5000}$, and $\frac{1}{5500}$; on each of which, besides the tints, the breadths of the zones between the contour lines is given. And the engraver is mechanically aided to produce the tints in conformity with those of the scale. The divisions of the scale are irregular, they neither rise by threes, as in the early Saxon method, nor by fives, as in the later methods of the same school; nor is the graduation the same for the whole of the scale, neither in the division of the grades nor in their number. Beyond the angle of 45° the tints are not given. Much, therefore, is left to the judgment of the draughtsman.

Col. Bonne's system, then, however ingenious it may be, although founded on mathematical execution, and notwithstanding the mechanical contrivance for practically carrying it out, is still far from accomplishing all that is required.

The next method brought forward by Col. Jackson, was that known as the anaglyptographic process, which has been fully treated in our columns. It requires a model of the country to be made; and the labour, time, and expense necessary to obtain correct models are such that no government even would undertake it. What has been already done by this process are merely specimens to be regarded as curiosities. The representation of relief by such maps is perfect; but this very exactitude is the cause of a defect equally curious and incorrigible. The map must be placed in a particular position as regards the light, or the rivers and water-courses will appear to run along the ridges of the hills. When the light comes from all sides, the map has pretty much the same appearance whichever way it may be turned, but it is far otherwise in a room lighted from one side only, as by windows.

One or two other attempted improvements in tinting were noticed; but no single system of mountain drawing yet imagined answers perfectly all that is required, namely, considerable mathematical accuracy according to a system easily understood at a glance by every one, of easy and economical execution, presenting at the same time a picturesque effect. It should also be such that the most ordinary draughtsman and engraver may produce maps in which the expression of the relief should be always strictly comparable.

Without such a system, Col. Jackson is of opinion that we now in all topographical maps aim at too much; and that great benefit would result from separating the physical features of a country from that multiplicity of details belonging to other considerations. Nay more, he thinks that there should be maps for every special object; or if all kinds of details must be crowded in the same map, each object should be precisely and specifically expressed. In short, the whole system of cartography is capable of and loudly calls for reform.

This portion of the paper was illustrated by a second set of diagrams; and when the reading was concluded, the meeting warmly expressed their acknowledgments for the trouble the Secretary had taken in drawing up his interesting paper, and so lucidly explaining a subject of much importance, and hardly at all attended to in this country.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 22d.—Dr. Faraday "On gunpowder." The speaker first stated the composition of gunpowder as 75 parts of nitre, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur; and, after shewing the action and use of these substances at the moment of firing the powder, stated that the results were chiefly gases, consisting of the carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen, to the amount of about 60 per cent, and with them sulphuret of potassium. After this, he proceeded to consider three or four points in the character and action of gunpowder; and first of the heat required to inflame it, and that produced by its flame. The heat necessary for the ignition is very considerable; and hence a certain amount of safety in the use of the substance. A gas flame was passed over a heap many times, not altering it; and it was only on directing it permanently against the powder (in grain) for three or four seconds, that the latter took fire. Gunpowder was stirred about with a heated wire freely, and did not fire; yet, after that, the wire being made to touch gun-cotton, fired it instantly. On the other hand, when gunpowder is fired, the flame it produces is so intensely hot, that no neighbouring powder can escape inflammation; and so one particle being inflamed instantly spreads the combustion to the contiguous particles, and ensures a certainty of action. Granulation of the powder was the next point considered. Its effect is to allow the flame of the first particles fired to spread through the rest of the charge, and produce an almost simultaneous ignition. A piece of mill-cake was burnt whole; another portion when roughly granulated; and a third portion when divided and again re-pressed together. The great difference in the modes of burning were then applied in illustration of the effects of granulation. The conditions of the charge in a rocket and in miners' fuse were also considered. The confinement of the flame by an external jacket was then examined, as to its effect in the chamber of a gun; and for explanatory illustration also in the cases of covered quick-match, the cracker, &c. Lastly, the effect of time, as a very important element in the action of gunpowder, was considered. This time was shewn to be very considerable in comparison with that of many other cases of firing or explosion, and the effectual projection of balls, &c. without injury to their guns shewn to be dependent upon it. By using iodide of nitrogen for a comparison against gunpowder, it was made manifest by many experiments how such bodies, acting instantaneously, tore in pieces all things immediately around them; whilst gunpowder, acting more slowly, first caused the weaker part (namely, the ball) to give way; and thus the ball, whilst itself receiving an accelerating and accumulating force, acts as the valve which relieves the chamber of the gun from the extreme expansive force which the gunpowder would otherwise exert upon it.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Jan. 20th.—Mr. T. Hoblyn in the chair. The first communication read was by Mrs. Whitby "On the cultivation of the mulberry, and the growth of the silkworm in this country." The result of the last two years' trials has been highly satisfactory in regard to the cultivation of the mulberry and the produce and quality of the silk drawn from the cocoon. Cuttings of the *morus multicaulis* or mulberry of the Philippine Islands, put into a cucumber frame with slight heat in October 1844, and thence transplanted into the open ground in the following spring, are now yielding on an average ten cuttings each plant, two pounds weight of leaves having been previously gathered from each plant to feed the silkworms. The plants originally imported in 1836 have spread so much that the dwarfs have been obliged to be thinned, and they have produced shoots during the past summer of from six to eight feet long. One acre of land planted with 2400 of the *morus multicaulis* will, at the end of two years' growth, yield from 20,000 to 24,000 cuttings, sufficient when rooted to plant another acre. In

1846, Mrs. Whitby goes on to state, she made several experiments to ascertain the relative value of eggs procured from four different places; and gives the following comparative weight and number of the cocoons produced, all the worms being treated in every respect alike:

No.	Cocoons.	Oz.	Cocoons.	Oz.
1 English .	77	weighed 2	and 77 produced	oz raw silk.
2 Poitevins .	55	" 2 "	460	" 13 "
3 Bordeaux .	47	" 2 "	480	" 12 "
4 Italian .	45	" 2 "	213	" 1 "
5 Bengali .	340	" 2 "		

The Bengali cocoons were so inferior to the others that they were not wound off. The communication concluded with a reply to the following question: "How the English grower could compete with the Bengal grower, the latter having four crops and the former only one annually," viz. one cocoon reared in England is equal in weight to four of the Bengali, and the raw silk sells at from 23s. to 25s. per pound, whilst the Bengali raw silk fetches only from 10s. to 11s. per pound.

The second communication was by Mr. J. Mather, "On the ventilation of schools, churches, public rooms, &c.," describing the method adopted by him for ventilating the union schools at South Shields, and suggesting various plans for the ventilation of churches and dwelling-houses of all descriptions, and also of confined courts, lanes, and streets.

The third communication was by Mr. W. Taylor, "On a new oil plant called the *Gold of Pleasure* or *Camellia sativa*, and its importance to agriculturists and manufacturers generally, with remarks on the opportunity now afforded of introducing its cultivation into Ireland." Samples of the seed and oil were exhibited. "I have," observes Mr. Taylor, "paid great attention for the last twenty years to the cultivation of oleiferous plants, the result of which has been the discovery of the *Gold of Pleasure* or *Camellia sativa*. The plant is an annual belonging to the natural order *Crucifera*, and grows to the height of two or three feet; it is a native of the most northern parts of Siberia. The first supply of seed was received from Professor Fischer, of the Royal Agricultural Society of St. Petersburg: the soils best adapted to its cultivation are those of a light nature, but it does not fail to produce a crop on land of the most inferior description; it has been found on barren sandy soils where no other vegetable would grow. The time for sowing the seed is early in the spring months; the quantity of seed required per acre is ten pounds, it should be drilled in rows about nine inches apart, and may be cultivated after any corn crops, and is a non-exhaustor of the ground. Professor Van Ost, an eminent experimental chemist of Belgium, says 'If farmers did but know the value of this plant they would all grow it.' A fine oil is produced from the seeds, fit for burning in lamps; it can also be used in the manufacture of woollen goods, soap, &c., and can be sold at a cheap rate. The oil-cake made from this seed has also been found highly nutritious and useful in fattening oxen and sheep, as it contains a great portion of mucilage, albumen, gluten, and other matter which when combined is found to be very beneficial in developing fat and lean. Mr. Taylor concludes his paper by referring to the present distressing state of Ireland, and the importance of endeavouring to introduce into that country the cultivation of so valuable a plant, and by expressing his willingness to find seed provided he might be allowed to purchase the crop, which he states is worth eight or ten pounds per acre without the straw."

Specimens of Mr. Bielefeld's new patent papier-mâché were exhibited. The improvement consists in manufacturing the papier-mâché on wood of any length and ready for gilding, either as a handsome picture frame, cornice, or decorated moulding.

Jan. 27th.—Mr. G. Moore, V.P. in the chair. Read first: Mr. Irvin on his "Patent machinery for the manufacture of architectural carvings, and for the multiplication of carvings to any extent." The secretary described the nature of the machinery,

which consists of a polar tool that can be raised, depressed, or moved in a curved direction at pleasure; the head of the machine on which the work is placed is also movable, and thus the workman is enabled to trace from his drawing any given line, and produce a corresponding relief. Specimens of carving in wood and stone, an inlaid marble table-top, and other works, were exhibited.

Second, by Mr. H. Cole, "On the formation of a National Gallery of the works of British artists by means of public voluntary contributions." The author proposes that an exhibition of the works of one living artist should take place in the Society's rooms annually; that a graduated charge should be made for admission to view the same; and that after deducting from the receipts the cost of such exhibition, the remaining fund should be appropriated as a commission to the artist to paint a picture, without restricting him to any particular subject, the picture when painted to be presented to the National Gallery, or in some way made the property of the nation, and to be so placed as to be open to the public free for ever. Thus the author thinks art might be promoted, and that such commissions would be calculated to obtain from artists pictures which they would feel a pride in shewing to their countrymen as their best works on which they would rest their fame, and which they would offer to posterity as the best specimens of their genius and ability. The communication was received with approbation; and it was stated from the chair that the proposition had been under the consideration of the council, and arrangements for carrying it out were being made by the Committee of Fine Arts.

Third, by Mr. Startin, "On a pneumatic inspirator for the use of dry-grinders, divers, divers, &c. also on its applicability for the administration of sulphuric ether or other medicated vapours." The apparatus consists of a thin case of metal, glass, or other substance, 1½ inches deep, 2½ long, and 3½ in breadth at the base, and is so constructed as to cover the mouth and nostrils, and is retained on the face by an elastic band; this case is provided with two valves made of vulcanised Indian rubber, one in front of the case opening outwards, the other in the bottom below the mouth and opening inwards; a tube is attached to the case below the latter valve and opens into the external air, or it may be fixed to a vessel carried in the folds of the dress and arranged with a tube having one opening to the air whilst its lower extremity is immersed in a fluid which shall absorb or neutralise the noxious particles. The apparatus was exhibited, and its adaptation to the administration of sulphuric ether and other medicated vapours was explained.

Fourth, by Mr. J. Boyd, "On his portable vapour-bath." The apparatus consists of a spirit-lamp placed under a reservoir of water, upon the top of which is a perforated dish to be used when a medicated vapour is required. The whole of the apparatus is enclosed in a tin case ten inches high, and is exceedingly portable.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 28th.—Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair. Mr. W. D. Bruce exhibited a plan of the early crypt of Lastingham Church, with some other drawings. Mr. Henry Stothard presented for the museum of the Society a figure in wood, representing God the Father clothed as an earthly potentate; it was found in the Thames at London Bridge. Mr. Smith gave a short paper descriptive of it; with some general observations on the subject of such representations. Mr. Smith also exhibited, as illustrative of the same subject, the impression of the seal of the fraternity of the Trinity at Cardiff, now in the possession of Dr. W. N. Carne. Mr. Wright's paper on municipal corporations under the Anglo-Saxons was then concluded.

Mr. Wright's object in this paper was, to bring together all the passages of early writers which he

had met with; to shew, in the absence of more direct evidence, that the municipal privileges of towns existed under the Anglo-Saxons as under the Anglo-Normans; and, in fact, that they had been preserved uninterruptedly from the Roman times. He referred to the researches of French historians on this subject, particularly Raynouard, Augustin Thierry, and Guizot, who had traced all the forms and principles of the Roman *municipium* very fully and distinctly in many towns in France from the time of the Romans. He then described the constitution of a Roman *municipium*, and compared it with that of a medieval corporate town, shewing the close similitude between the two. Mr. Wright then shewed how, in the invasion of this island by the Saxons, most of the great Roman towns were probably rendered by a composition, whereby the townsmen preserved their property and privileges by the payment of a sum of money, and the engagement to pay an annual tribute. We had many proofs that in the towns the Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon population mixed together. The Anglo-Saxon towns in which the municipal privileges could be traced most distinctly were those that occupied the sites of Roman towns. Instances were given in Canterbury, Rochester, Dover, Worcester, Exeter, &c. Several of these were treated, under the Anglo-Saxon kings, like little republics, and seemed to exercise their own right of making war, &c.; and in the Danish invasions the towns acted in a manner which seemed to shew distinctly their corporate character; and they shewed far more skill and conduct in their resistance to the enemy than was shewn by the kings and the forces of the counties. They, however, fought perfectly independently of the king's forces, and they constantly entered into compositions with the Danish invaders just in the same manner it was supposed the original townsmen had done with the Saxons. Mr. Wright also pointed out several transactions between the towns and the king which seemed to shew that the latter exercised no jurisdiction within their walls.

Mr. Wright then called attention to the history of the city of London, as being that which seems to have held these municipal privileges much more independently than any other town. He cited incidents in its earlier history which led him to conclude that it was a free state, neutral to a great degree between the neighbouring kingdoms of Kent, Essex, and Mercia, each of those states exercising a greater or less influence over it, according as he became more powerful than his neighbours, until, when all the Saxon states became united under one king, the influence of the monarch over London was, of course, much increased, although still we trace its independence even to Norman times. Under Athelstan, the most powerful of the Anglo-Saxon kings, the Londoners made laws which even rode over the king's laws; and Mr. Wright related several amusing anecdotes, shewing that the king had no power within the walls of London.

Mr. Wright then recapitulated the various facts already stated, and shewed how difficult it was to explain them in any other way than by the supposition of the existence of free municipal corporations. He next pointed out how the kings received of the towns in general certain taxes, reserved to them probably by an original composition, which were paid to a king's officer resident in the towns. There were instances in which the Saxon towns farmed their own taxes, for a fixed annual payment. In after times, all the towns bought their farms for ever, which was then called the fee-farm. Mr. Wright next described how other towns, not Roman in origin, were founded by the Anglo-Saxon kings, or grew up under the patronage of great monasteries, &c.; and the municipal systems of these new towns were made in imitation of the models already in existence. He cited documents which proved that the forms of municipal government were not changed in principle by the entrance of the Normans. But the new lords of the land were

less scrupulous in trespassing upon old existing rights; and in the earlier Norman period there were probably frequent scenes of tumult between the towns and the powerful barons, or the officers of the crown. To guard against this, and protect their privileges in future, was the object of the written charters which the towns obtained in great numbers during the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., and John, and which charter by no means proved the novelty of the privileges which they granted, or rather confirmed.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Jan. 27th. Council Meeting.—Lord Hastings and several others were elected as associates; four corresponding members were enrolled. Mr. Launder communicated an account of the discovery at the Querns, near Cirencester, of quantity of stone coffins with skeletons, Roman fibulae urns, vessels in glass, &c. Mr. R. Cook reported discoveries lately made at York, and forwarded a rubbing of an early, coped gravestone, profusely ornamented with scrolls and representations of animals. Mr. C. Warne exhibited some beautiful bronze weapons and other objects procured by him and other members of the Association from barrows in Dorsetshire, during recent researches. A drawing of one of the barrows on Carne down was exhibited to shew its peculiar construction. It was a perfect double barrow, the original mound having at some subsequent period been covered over and its top made subservient to the foundation of the second. Mr. R. Anthony, of Pilton, forwarded drawings of gold fibulae and ring-money found in Ireland during the past year. Mr. Smith exhibited coloured drawings of the various objects discovered by Mr. Baker, of Bisley, Gloucestershire, in the extensive Roman villa at Lilly-horn, which he has now completely excavated. Mr. Smith also announced that Mr. P. B. Purnell was proceeding in laying open the Roman villa on his estate in that county, and that most interesting results were to be expected from that gentleman's well-directed researches. Some of these, together with other communications, were ordered to be brought before the public meeting of Friday.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[WE regret that owing to this report having accidentally escaped correction in the hurry of putting our last No. to press, it was blurred with so many errors, among its difficult and unfamiliar names, &c. that we have to beg our readers to consider that paper as cancelled and the present as of certain authority in the remarkable and novel matters of which it treats.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Jan. 14th.—The President in the chair. The readings at this meeting consisted of the following communications by Mr. Birch. 1. A letter from Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, giving an account of the excavations made on the site of Fort St. Julien, the locality of the celebrated Rosetta stone, accompanied with a drawing of a sculptured stone found in the powder-magazine, and of five others previously discovered in 1815, and also copied by Mr. Harris; from all of which it appears that the Rosetta stone was erected in a temple dedicated by Necho to the divinity Atum. 2. Part of a letter from Mr. Harris, dated Benha-el-Assal, Dec. 17th, 1846, in which he comments on an error made by M. De Sauly in the *Revue Archéologique*, relative to the name of Alexander, in Salt's Phiale inscription. Mr. Harris gives this passage of the inscription copied with great care, and with a literal translation. "Arueris (Apollo, vide Kom Ombo) guardian of the upper and lower countries, who is within the wall (or rampart) of Alexandria." Mr. B. would correct in Mr. Harris' translation, "guardian" to "powerful over;" and he doubts if the cartouche of Alexander is quite right, as the latter part ought to read *ander* instead of *terer* as in his copy. Mr. Harris mentions also that he had just returned from Bubastis, but found very few remains of the temple of the great goddess.

He could only collect five pieces of inscriptions from as many blocks of granite; and of one of these containing the name and prenomen of Harnecht-hebi or Necht-her-hebi, the supposed Amyrtæus, and the name and titles of Neith, and of a goddess who is there represented with a head much resembling that of a cat. Mr. Harris found no representation of the square-eared god Nutbi or Nub-nub (Nubia), the Ombo of Wilkinson (*Modern Egypt*, vol. i. p. 429), and only one of the lion-headed goddeess. 3. Mr. Birch then proceeded to read a highly interesting paper on the statistical tablet of Karnak, consisting of the translation, with remarks, of an inscription carved in bas-relief on the right-hand wall in entering into the granite sanctuary. This was first copied by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and published in the *Hieroglyphics* of Dr. Young, by the Royal Society of Literature, before its removal to the Louvre, in the magazine of which it now lies. It has been republished by Dr. Lepsius in his *Selections of the most important Monuments for Egyptian History*. The object of this tablet was to record the tributes and conquests of Thothmes, in connexion with the enormous donation made by that monarch to the granite sanctuary. A great part of it relates to the conquest of Mesopotamia, the earliest notice of which occurs on a tablet of calcareous stone in the Louvre, also published by Dr. Lepsius, recording the services of an officer of state, named Amasis and surnamed Penseneb or Pensuen, who had served under the monarch Amasis I., when he had taken "two living hands" in some country the name of which is gone: under Amenophis I. he had made one captive in Kesh or Æthiopia, and three hands in Amu Kehak; under Thothmes I. he had taken two captives in Kesh or Æthiopia, and twenty-one hands, one horse, one chariot, in Mesopotamia. In the reign of Thothmes II. he had taken prisoners several of the Shos or Phoenician shepherds. In return he received of the king, Amenophis I., two armlets of gold, two collars, one buckle, one poignard; from Thothmes I., two bracelets and four collars, a brooch, and armlet of gold, decorated (?) with golden lions, and two war hatchets; and from Thothmes II., bracelets, six collars, three brooches, with armlets, and one silver hatchet. The statistical tablet mentions thirteen expeditions, and the tenth was in the thirty-fifth regnal year; indeed the whole, when complete, probably extended above the fortieth year, and there is no trace in the text of the regent-sister Amennu-Ha-asu, who appears to have been first superseded in the government, and finally struck out all through Egypt. The fifth expedition was in his twenty-ninth year. The monarch takes the fort Vava, and received from the chief of Tun 329 men, 100 ingots of silver, 10 ingots of gold, brass, and copper, and vessels of lead (?) and iron. He subsequently attacks the fort of Aruta, conjectured by Dr. Hincks to be Ararat. In the Salier Papryus which affords us additional information on this subject, the chief of the Aruta is said to be of the land of the Maas, who are probably the mountaineers of the Masii Montes. In the sixth expedition the king had reached the fortress Atesh or Ati, which has been conjectured to be Khadesh, Haddass of the Amorites by Mr. Osburn, and Edessa by Dr. Hincks. It was attacked by Sethos I.; formed the subject of the great campaign of Rameses II., and the fourteenth fortress attacked by Rameses III., and is said to be Atesh of the land of Amaur of the land of the Takar, which latter name bears much resemblance to Tochari, and a possible one to the Diglath or Tigris. But the attack of the Atesh is evidently that on the Bactrians described by Diodorus. The king had received the submission of the Ruten, the Ludin of Rosellini, and Arvadites of Mr. Osburn; and their children or brethren had been dragged as hostages to Egypt. They had offered as tribute forty chariots plated with silver and one with gold. On the third of Pachons, the thirty-first year of the king's reign, 490 captives or slaves had been led out of the fort Petru, or

Pethor, or Petra. This probably closed the seventh expedition. In the mutilated text here we have part of the tribute of some other people, wood by the inch, ell, and cane; 104 zebu calves (?) 172 calves, 4622 goats, and 40 bricks of iron (lateralculi ferri), lead, white bread, sesamum (?), conserves, frankincense, and honey were supplied. In the thirty-second year the king was again in the Ruten, ploughing the land of Mesopotamia; there are subsequently mentioned 30 women, 80 captives, 606 pure men, women, and children. Nini or Nineveh is subsequently mentioned, as well as that the king, when he had come, set up a tablet to enlarge the frontiers of Egypt, which is also recorded in the reign of his successor on a tablet of the Tourah quarries.

Mr. Birch continued his reading of this interesting paper on Thursday, a report of which and of the conclusion will appear in due course in the *Literary Gazette*.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 28th.—Mr. Bergne in the chair. Mr. Pfister exhibited a scarce gold coin, struck at the little town of Aosta, (the Augusta Praetoria Salassorum of Pliny), in Piedmont, and found near Geneva a few years since. It was struck, Mr. Pfister believed, towards the beginning of the sixth century, when Aosta was merged into the kingdom of the Burgundians. It reads on the obverse, +AVSTA FIT., round a royal profile; on the reverse, the moneyer's name, CIVILIANIUS MVNTARIVS; in the centre a cross and the letters c.v. *cruz vincit?* On a coin of Totila, 541-552, is an anchor and the letter v. The Burgundians, in Gallia, Mr. Pfister remarked, became Catholics before the Franks, in the beginning of the fifth century; Arians for a time when subdued by the Visigoths; and again Catholics in the sixth century. The Merovingian coining, of which the coin exhibited was a fine specimen, commenced in the sixth century, and lasted about 250 years. Clovis brought the coinage to its perfection; and when he sent a messenger to the Burgundian king, Gundebald, who resided at Geneva, to ask of him his niece Chotilda in marriage, the messenger presented the young princess a golden solidus, which bore the best likeness perhaps that could be furnished of the chief of the Franks. Mr. Pfister also exhibited a scarce coin of Francis d'Este, 1537-1578, Marquis of Massa Lombarda (not very far from Ravenna), and son of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara and Lucrezia Borgia; and a fine medallion of his wife, Maria Cardona della Padula. Mr. Pfister said he was inclined to attribute this work to Leoni Pompeio, a celebrated artist of the time.

The chairman then read a paper, by himself, on the short-cross pennies of Henry III., in which he discussed at considerable length the arguments advanced by the two parties entertaining different opinions as to the proper appropriation of these coins.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSBING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Pathological, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnaean, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, W. H. Grove, Esq., "Some considerations on the nature of heat," 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 9 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

MR. J. B. PAPWORTH.

ON Monday last, a silver inkstand was presented to this much respected individual and distinguished artist, to witness which many long years of esteem would have carried us, had we not, unfortunately, received notice of the meeting too late. We can only, therefore, say, that the ceremony was attended with every feeling which could enhance its gratifications on all sides to the givers and the receiver. The inscription read as follows:

To JOHN BUONAROTTI PAPWORTH, Esq., M.I.B.A., Architect to H.M. the King of Wurtemburg, first Director of the Government-Schools of Design in England, &c. etc. Testimonial is presented by a few professional Friends, upon his retiring from practice, as a tribute of their respect and esteem, for his talents as a distinguished Architect and for his worth as a Man.—January 1847.

Thos. Allason; Samuel Angel; Geo. Bailey; Chas. Barry, R.A.; Thos. Bellamy; W. J. Booth; J. Burrell; R. Cantwell; C. R. Cockerell, R.A.; T. L. Donaldson; Charles Fowler; E. M. Foxhall; George Gutch; Geo. Gwilt; P. Hardwick, R.A.; J. D. Hopkins*; Joseph Kaye; H. E. Kendall; J. Lockyer; J. Lockyer, jun.; Chas. Mayhew; W. A. Nicholson; James Noble; W. M. Nurse; Geo. Papworth*; W. F. Pocock; John Shaw; J. Stokes*; William Tite; James Thomson; *Samuel West.*

A long career of talent, usefulness, and exemplary conduct in every relation of life—an honour to the arts he practised and adorned; and as a member of society entitled to the respect and warm regard of all who knew him within that kindly circle—we cannot but congratulate Mr. Papworth on this gratifying tribute to merits, which have won for him the high opinions of eminent contemporaries, pupils, and other admirers, testified by so appropriate a gift. As an heirloom, it may justly be valued by his descendants, among whom are individuals already distinguished in pursuits similar to those of their father.

Since writing this, a friend, who was present, has kindly communicated to us the following particulars:

The inkstand was presented by Mr. Cockerell, R.A., to Mr. Papworth, on his 72d birth-day, with a speech, in which he mentioned that he had been urged by the committee to do so; as it was felt that he would naturally feel more pleased with it as being delivered by the hands of the Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, and consequently the first architect of her Majesty, and ostensibly of the highest position in the profession. He adverted to the following reasons, as those which prompted the testimonial: viz. 1. Mr. Papworth's defence of his pursuit as a fine art in evil times, when there was no architect to be found to sustain the reputation of his profession in England (after the death of Sir Wm. Chambers). 2. Mr. Papworth's reputation, in consequence of the use of his pen and pencil from that time, in practice of nearly fifty-five years at home and abroad; for extreme delicacy and purity of taste, in elegant and fanciful, as well as for severer and classic designs, both for works of all kinds of civil architecture and for the interior decoration of those edifices. 3. To the changes of taste in the various departments of manufactured art, which had all benefited in turns by Mr. Papworth's employment of them from his own designs (especially furniture), which Mr. Cockerell was pleased to say had been, no less than his greater works, begged, borrowed, and stolen in all directions. 4. To his zeal in promoting the formation of the School of Design; to his example in forwarding the union of the art of landscape-gardening with that of architecture; and to his works on that subject, and on the dry rot, in which matters all who could justly call themselves architects now took deep interest. 5. To the high reputation acquired and retained by him for unflinching integrity, maintained by him in a profession the most of all exposed to improper influences, and to the rapid acquisition of wealth by dishonest means. 6. To the gratification the subscribers felt in offering such a testimonial, which could only be equalled by the satisfaction Mr. Papworth must feel in having done his duty as a good citizen by bringing up two sons of promise to equal their father in his own profession; and his receiving, on retiring from active life, such a proof, although small, of the esteem of those men, who, of all the world, were best fitted to be judges of his merits and his worth.

To this address Mr. Papworth made a touching reply, to the effect that this honourable and honoured memorial was accepted as a matter which had been all his life his ambition, without which

his solitude in the country would be miserable. Exhausted with the efforts of a most active and anxious life, and nearly blind, he felt he was not likely to live long enough to forget that his friends had judged him as kindly and as justly as he had endeavoured to desire.

Nearly exhausted, he was only able shortly to thank Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Donaldson the proposer of the present, and the gentlemen present who attended at so inconvenient a time.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, January 26th, 1847.

I TRUST you will rest content this week with some news, of little importance perhaps in themselves, but the want of which would be felt in this weekly chronicle of our Parisian literature, which I have undertaken to supply for your journal.

I have spoken to you so often of the travels of M. Alexandre Dumas, that I may now mention his return, which has been proclaimed to his enchanted fellow-citizens by lawsuits without end, and with more or less of notoriety about them, to which his illustrious name is appended. The most curious of these are those prosecutions undertaken against the novelist by a number of poor devils to whom he had promised—for a consideration—employment in the new Théâtre Historique, which was, or rather appeared to be, his exclusive property. Now it so happens, that M. Alex. Dumas lost no time in selling his rights over the said theatre to speculators whom he did not bind in the same engagements which he had contracted with these future managers, box-keepers, &c. &c., who fondly imagined they had secured these important functions. Hence a number of claims and complaints upon which Dame Justice is called to decide, and which throw some light, after a disastrous fashion, upon the financial operations of our splendid Monte-Christo.

The liquidation of the journal *l'Epoque* has also given birth to revelations full of piquancy. In the present instance a few duped shareholders sue M.M. Solar, Granier de Cassagnac, and Bohain. These poor swains allege facts which are really curious. The *Epoque* used pompously to announce to its subscribers that its daily publication amounted to 21,000 numbers. The assertion was in perfect accordance with truth; the only singularity was, that the number of subscribers amounted to 10,000, and each day the clever managers of this paper were wont to stow away in their cellars and granaries some 11,000 stamped copies—stamped at the expense of the shareholders—which they would subsequently sell, under the denomination of waste-paper, at the rate of about 25 centimes the kilogramme— $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 2 lbs. In this manœuvre lay the secret of the enormous sale, the truth of which the public were called upon to test at the Stamp Office, and which was to serve as a data for the advertisement mart.

Another fact has been elicited by the discussion on the charge of swindling brought against the ministerial scribblers of the *Epoque*; which is, that the privilege of establishing a third lyrical theatre was conceded by M. Duchâtel to one of them, M. Granier de Cassagnac; and that this privilege was immediately sold by him for 100,000f. This would not, however, deter M. Duchâtel, if he were reproached in the House with apportioning the public funds to the purchase of a venal press, by means of direct or concealed subventions, from solemnly protesting against such calumnies. And he would find amongst the deputies of the Conservative majority a sufficient number of adherents to establish, legislatively, that the minister had spoken the truth. Pray let it be admitted, that constitutional government is, at times, a rare farce.

Nevertheless, all forms of government have their weak point. I desire no better proof than the letter written by M. de Chateaubriand, published by the *Débats* a few days back. This old defender of legitimacy admits, that while the dogma of le-

gitimacy, the principle of divine right, still appears to him the best social guarantee, yet a bitter disappointment is often felt in approaching men who, in right of this dogma, represent on earth the sovereign authority of the Creator. According to M. de Chateaubriand, who knows better than any one what to think upon this head, kings are seldom worthy of the sacrifices made to royalty. In this same letter, the author of the *Martyrs* bears, in reference to himself, this unsuspecting testimony, that his faculties have not been weakened by age, and that his intellect is as fresh, as vigorous as ever. We have enough here to feel reassured upon this point.

The first volume of the *Histoire de la Révolution Française* has just been published by M. Louis Blanc. I told you on a former occasion the origin of the speculation to which we are indebted for this great work, which, according to all appearance, will nowise deteriorate the reputation of M. Thiers, nor the esteem in which is held, by all persons of taste, the excellent epitome of M. Mingoret. What I have read of the first volume is stamped by excessive pretension. The author attaches to his personal importance a most paramount and disproportionate weight; and his efforts to trace back the original causes of the Revolution, far from elucidating the mysterious connexion between historical facts, seem still more to thicken the problematical obscurity in which this providential work envelopes itself.

The judgments enounced by M. Louis Blanc, by dint of efforts to be new and unexpected, lose a great deal in point of truth and justice. Thus in the chapter devoted to Voltaire, he declares that this great writer was "l'homme de la Bourgeoisie, et de la Bourgeoisie seulement," and that he "n'aime point assez le peuple." Now, to a certainty, if Voltaire was no friend to the people, he was no greater friend to the middle classes. And then again, see what confusion is here made by the writer between Voltaire as a man and Voltaire as a philosopher. The man Voltaire, as Thomas Carlyle would say, was an aristocratic Epicurean, loving above all the elegant luxuries of life—select supper-parties, drawing-room wit, and the lovely duchesses whose sensitiveness his madrigals were wont to excite. The man Voltaire would have felt more at ease in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour, than in the Convention Nationale. The man Voltaire would have felt fear, and a good deal of fear too, had these very men, whose enfranchisement he advocated, sought him at Ferney for the purpose of awarding to him a civic crown. But the philosopher Voltaire was a quite different man. He flinched not before the consequences of any one principle he laid down, and his philanthropy was as sincere, as ardent, as that of any radical to whose school M. L. Blanc belongs. I have not, accordingly, been able to read with grave composure the development given by the democratic historian to this truth so boldly asserted, that "Voltaire n'aime point assez le peuple;" and that his pity for the sufferings of the unfortunate labouring population, mixed up with haughtiness and contempt, sprung from no democratic feeling. A more just appreciation is to be noticed where M. Blanc shews how Voltaire, labouring to demonstrate that philosophers were the natural allies of kings—this may well pass for a diplomatic gem—took care to separate the cause of the clergy from the cause of kings. Like Luther, like Calvin, Voltaire preached at the same time revolt against spiritual authority and submission to temporal power. A leveler in religion, he affected the reverse in politics. But was this his real meaning? Can we believe that during his long career he would so bounteously diffuse the germs of political renovation, without believing them to be either necessary or possible? M. Louis Blanc believes this; as for us, we cannot consider Voltaire so simple, so unsophisticated, so little aware of the bearing of his works, and concocting revolutions in the most unsuspecting manner, like the

Bourgeois Gentilhomme, "Sans le vouloir et sans le savoir."

As we are upon the subject of Revolutions, I may seize the opportunity and talk to you about the last historical and military piece presented to us by the Cirque Olympique. This will be the last, for this house will soon become, thanks to the privilege I have alluded to, a third lyrical theatre. It has closed its warlike career in a worthy manner, by exhibiting to us the French revolution, not the revolution of scaffolds and *noyades*, but in the midst of her glory, on the battle-field, with her heroes around her. The Cirque has given us a truly splendid spectacle: the defiles of the Aragonne, the siege of Lille, the Texel fleet captured by our cavaliers, the funeral of Marceau, the battle of Zurich, &c. &c. You may picture to yourself the brilliant and deafening panorama.

A young composer, M. Boisselet, after ten years of unceasing efforts, has at last succeeded in producing, at the Opéra Comique, a three-act opera, *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*, which has obtained a most decided success. The libretto is by MM. Scribe and Vaez. Together with much wit in the details, we remarked some absurd improbabilities in it: this is generally the case with all comic operas, especially when M. Scribe has had a hand in them. The theatre of the Porte St. Martin has revived the *Lucrece Borgia* of M. Victor Hugo. This dishevelled, violent, and monstrous drama, which seems as if written under the influence of an evil dream, obtained formerly a success due to terror. But in these days such triumphs are out of date, and we may have felt convinced of this on witnessing the profound indifference with which the public hailed the revival of the pretended master-piece.

Mdme. Ancelot has produced at the Odéon a frigid sort of comedy, *Une année à Paris*, which would have passed unnoticed were it not for a most singular letter which she has written on the subject to M. Janin, whose criticisms she dreaded. M. J. Janin, putting aside the considerations suggested by propriety which imperatively forbade him to publish a letter intended for him alone, inserted the whole of it in his *feuilleton* of Monday. This little piece of scandal has been a source of amusement to common minds, and has taught us the hazard we run in trusting to the discretion of certain people.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE KARAITES.

It is possible that some of our readers may not know who and what the Karaites are. To such the following very clear and intelligible account of that Hebrew sect, distinguishing it from Rabbinism and Chassidism, may be acceptable. It is taken from the last number of the *Jewish Chronicle*; and we only trust the acute reader will not call upon us to explain exactly what it means; for "Karaism does by no means consist in a mere protestation or denial of tradition, or a reformation or change of the synagogue, or a re-action or return to Mosaicism, or a controversy against hierarchical abuses; it rather contains all those ideas jointly; it is a positive but one-sided system, reared from Judaism, which, in the progress of its historical development, followed a peculiar direction, gradually assuming more and more self-existence. Developing its germs from an early period, and undoubtedly influenced by outward incidents, Karaism assumed a peculiar form more inwardly progressing, and whose characteristic is, that it does not shoot up luxuriantly, but rather is fixed to the stem and root, where it partly decays, but is less exposed to be shaken by tempests. Karaism manifests itself as a *purposed stand-still* at certain positive points, which are particularly the sacred Scriptures and the customs founded on the spirit they exhale, as an anxious apprehension of every influence leading away from those points; and it unfolds a rigorousness and legality more juridical

than theological, an implacable enmity to symbolism, a certain severity toward all human weakness, an aversion to all ranges of imagination, a stoic firmness in morals, a trust in virtuous conduct, elevated beyond all worldly interests, and with all that an humble self-denial, extirpating even a noble pride."

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

THE "SPREAD" OF KNOWLEDGE.

[The annexed letter, of the authenticity of which we can express no doubt, will speak for itself.]

Sir,—In a recent *Literary Gazette* you expressed much disapprobation of several new methods of conveying instruction to the humbler classes of society; a degree of intolerance which, I trust, no liberal periodical will imitate, and which ought to exclude you from those circles where the happiness of the many is dear. Mr. Pope has said,

"The noblest study of mankind is man;" by which, as I understand it, he means woman also. Now, sir, what objection can you allege to persons in my condition of life; I am an apprentice of four years' standing to a currier and leather-seller in Bermondsey; what objection, I repeat, can you have to our enjoying the recreation, and acquiring the intelligence, furnished by such places of public resort as the *Poses Plastiques*? Why should not we be taught to estimate the beauties of form, and the graces of attitude, far more efficiently in living subjects chastely selected for the purpose, than in the works of painters or sculptors, copied, and too often very badly copied, from these or worse models? The improvement made in me, and several of my companions, by attending these exhibitions, is of the most gratifying description. Our ignorance has been completely dispelled; and, for myself, I have become as perfect a judge of female skins as of poultry. I know . . . (a passage omitted by the Editor). In fact, we are quite different beings—connoisseurs. The other night, for instance, we went, that is to say Bill, and Tom, and Me, from the *Poses Plastiques* to the Casino, heard some of the music, and entered with full spirit into the terpsichorean activities of the *Bal Paré*, where waltzing and polka reigned *con furore*. Why, sir, last winter, at the Bermondsey hops, we could hardly tell whether the young ladies we were dancing with were well shaped or crooked; but now we behold their motions, and we handled so much of their persons in the course of these interesting exercises of the *entente cordiale*, that we could discourse to each other of their probable proportions with almost a certainty of being right. And we chose our partners accordingly; and how flattered they were when we told them the reasons why, and how pleased when we communicated our general ideas to them! With such topics for lively conversation, there was an end to all the usual dullness and *ennui* of the ball-room. We whispered, and blushed, and glided—now and then pose plastiquely—and nature prevailed over all the stupid conventionalities of unenlightened artificial manners. The mind is opened, the soul is expanded, sentiments and sympathies the most vivid are generated. In short, it is quite another sort of enjoyment from what it was last season. No comparison!

It is odd that any body should oppose themselves to such development of intellect and progress; but so strong are the prejudices of some folks, that our governor, like a stupid old tanner as he is, pits himself against this movement on behalf of Young England and the rising generation. It was only last Sunday night, when Bill and Me, to gratify the curiosity of Polly and Jane, our house and kitchen-maids, who had heard us talking about it, were trying to set them in a *Pose*, as Venus and one Grace, with Bill Adonis (in the next group I was to be Mars, and Bill Vulcan). I say, it was only last Sunday night, when we were busy a-doing this, that who should pop in but the

governor! And he flew in such a passion : only think of him kicking Vulcan out of the doors, tumbling him over the steps, shouting up stairs after me, and threatening I know not what, for I had bolted off to bed in my attic, and bolted myself in ; and giving Polly and Jane warning, that if he caught them at such jade tricks again he would bundle them both neck and crop into the street ! The ignoramus ! But this comes of reading your paper, as I saw it lying in his little back parlour, with all its scientific and literary trash ; for none of the other clever and satirical periodicals have ventured to say a word against these innocent and instructive amusements. How he did rate and bother me next morning ; and asked me why I did not take my sister Margaret to the exhibitions ; but I would not answer him ; only that I wished my time was out ! being neither his nor your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HIDE.

ORIGINAL POETRY. THE POETICAL AND THE PRACTICAL.

SPIRIT versus MATTER.

MELTED emeralds and rubies richer tints may ne'er effuse Than the Light which paints the rainbow, lends the West its brilliant hues ; Yet that light which meets the Morning, scattering jewels on her way, Bounteous as an Eastern Princess, is the light of coming day ! So with Poetry, though gleaming with Imagination's fire, 'Mid the heaven of Invention seeking ever to aspire ! Yet accordant to all natures, poetry her gifts can wreath, Lending sweetness, grace, and feeling, like the common air we breathe. As Eternity's before us, and *within* us, and behind, So is Poetry pervading the external sphere of Mind, So is Poetry refining earthly love by heavenly laws, Foremost in the cause of Freedom, foremost in the People's cause ! And the people were ungrateful could they now forget the good Which the Poets fought and won them, when more fear'd than understood. Wise to calculation only is the Age in which we live, Ever honouring the most highly those who have the most to give ! Feelings which have ne'er extended from the narrow space of self, Merging holier, loftier objects in an atmosphere of *self* ! Shame upon this Mammon-worship ! Shame upon this lucre-love ! Life adores of mere matter, sceptics to the life above ! Come, I'm counsel for the Poets; enter ye the Court of Fame : Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden; answer each one to your name ; Ye, that with unfailing genius bade humanity advance, With dominion in your voices, and with empire in your glance ; Ye, that with heroic daring sought the people in distress, Seeking to o'erbridge the chasm 'twixt their hope and their success. Humanism more expansive, 'twas for this your genius strove.

Equal justice for the lowest, equal laws, and federal love ! Show we for the sensual only ? still the practical applaud ! There is something more than Matter which the mind of man should laud, Something more than sordid fortune, something more for souls to crave, Than a gaudy pageant passing from a banquet to a grave. As the Sun, so Education yields the globe its partial light ; Half the world exults in brightness, whilst the rest is plunged in night. Talk of Stephenson and Railways? of the Miracles of Steam ? Lauding high those vapour-pinnions swifter than the solar beam ? Lauding high and vanning loudly Powers connecting clime with clime, Narrowing space, and far extending the capacities of Time ? Prate of Stephenson and Shakespeare—grant the first the loftier dower ? For his wonder working carriage speeds to Leeds within the hour ! Shame upon this Mammon-worship ! Shame upon this lucre-love ! Life adores of mere matter, sceptics to the life above : Open ye the play of Hamlet—and a breath of Shakespeare's power Speeds ye to the gates of Denmark in the fraction of an hour ! Steam 'gainst Soul ? What, match a vapour against a meteor of the night ? Stephenson's a mole, a tortoise, to the old Shakespearian flight. Meteor-rushing would ye travel ? travel, then, on Shakespeare's page, On the Lyric or Heroic—on the Broad or Narrow gauge !

Prate of Lines from York to London, or from London cross the Tweed ? Shakespeare's lines are *universal*: judge ye for yourselves, and read.

Not its length but its duration is the glory of a line ; Shakespeare's will endure for ever—lines eternal, lines divine. Oh, you do not know the Poet—cannot comprehend his skill—

Cannot span the soul which travels all Creation at its will ! Oh, you do not know the Poet, or you never would compare.

Any genius in creation with a genius so rare !

Shame upon this Mammon-worship ! Shame upon this lucre-love !

Life adores of mere matter, sceptics to the life above. If our birth were *first* in Heaven, for our three score years and ten,

Afterwards, to earth translated, find eternal life with men. I might marvel less at wisdom which prefers this soulless lust,

I might sorrow less at worship signifying worldly dust ; But for beings born to wither in some few brief years from earth,

Clinging with a childish passion unto toys of little worth ; Three score years for Pomp to glitter—three score years for Wealth to glare ;

Then—Eternity in heaven; what can Wealth avail ye there ? Then Eternity in heaven, like a whisper it is heard ;

Oh, that language thrills—appals me—as were thunder in each word.

Out upon this rage for riches, striving up and strutting bold, Out upon the craft which teaches scorn of every thing but gold :

Out upon the slavish minions, vain disciples of a creed.

Which believes in God, yet never acts as if it thus believed :

'Tis the vassalage of Reason to an artificial sway ! Govern'd by a false convention—modes and fashions of a day :

'Tis the vassalage of spirit to an arbitrary tone.

Granting to a mean usurper its hereditary throne,

Gold is God—the very letters, Mammon, aid thee, as thou bidd'st :

GOLD is GOD !—thou sayest truly—GOD, with L seen in the midst.

If still worshippers of Matter, Watt thy deity may be ;

True believers in the Spirit find still mightier gods than he. If still worshippers of Matter, Stephenson your vows may claim :

Spirit bends to other altars, bright with spiritual fame.

Spirit from the mystic future lifts the veil with radiant hand,

Still "Excelsior!" exclaining, seeking still the Better Land.

If this Life, this World, were final, and no other Life beyond,

I could clasp the Poet's fictions with a reverence as fond !

What is Life without Affection ? 'tis existence without light,—

'Tis a quarantine eternal, with the wished-for land in sight !

Long as infancy is blissful to the mother's flowing breast,

Long as Love creates a heaven Poets only have express,

Long as in the kindred circle friendship and devotion reign,

Will the Poet be remembered—will be loved the Minstrel's strain :

Thought and feeling still enlarging, still revealing higher powers,

Wreathing with eternal beauty life's most spiritual hours,

High revelations and attainments—which, whatever path we've trod,

Are the angels that from darkness call us to the light of

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Thursday, Mr. Travers, after a few years spent in Italy, reappeared here as *Ferdinand* in Donizetti's opera of the *Favourite*. His voice is as it was, only more cultivated, an exceedingly sweet tenor ; and we can conceive nothing likely to be more popular than his singing in ballad melodies. It is no small compliment to say that he reminds us of Mario. We do not think his powers will be found equal to long operas. Miss Romer and Stretton were all that could be wished, and the evening's entertainment altogether very pleasing, notwithstanding a severe cold affected the voice of Mr. Hornastle.

Lyceum.—Novelties begin to supersede some of the holiday performances, and on Tuesday this ever actively-managed theatre produced an Indian piece, called *The Wigwam*. It bears some resemblance to the class of *Inkle and Yarico*, of which Liston's comic appearance among the mandingos at the Haymarket was an offshoot, still more like the present composition of Mr. Shirley Brooks :

"By trade I am a turner, and Mug it is my name,

To buy a lot of ivory, to Africa I came,

I met a trading blackamore, a woolly old humbug,

Who coaxed me up his land, and made a slave of Mr. Mug."

So in this grotesque affair, a cockney grocer gets

among the North-American Indians, whither also

come a younger adventurer sent to seek him, and also his scolding wife and the sweetheart of the latter gentleman. The Indians are made highly amusing, principally through *Downy Beaver*, Mr. Bender; *Monkey's Uncle*, Mr. Oxberry; and the *Great Chief*, Mr. F. Mathews; and Miss Mary Keeley a sweet little Red-amore with a song. The other parts are very smartly and effectively performed. Then on Thursday night we had £500 Reward. Here Wigan, bent upon expatriation in a fit of disconsolate rashness, consequent upon some love passages, is treacherously advised by a friend and rival to assume the name of *Dick Turpin*, which will procure for him a free passage. True enough £500 Reward is offered for the celebrated robber. The unconscious lover falls into the snare ; but escaping arrest, is captured by some banditti, who, marvelling at their good luck, by common consent elect him chief of the band. In this capacity he saves the lives and fortunes of his *innamorata* and her father. What follows ? Why, of course, treachery is disclosed, the villain is packed off instantaneously, and the genuine lover . . . a little stretch of imagination may supply the satisfactory consummation which concludes the piece. It is fairly written, and Wigan acted remarkably well.

Princess's.—*Schoolboy Frolics*, an entertaining farce, has been performed with success during the past week ; and on Thursday another novelty was produced, called the *King of the Brigands*, but it did not achieve a very brilliant reception.

VARIETIES.

The Marquis of Northampton, as President of the Royal Society, has issued cards for four of those *séances* which have during several years been so gratifying to the literary and scientific world, and so well calculated to promote friendly intercourse among their votaries and progress in their pursuits. The appointed evenings are Saturdays the 13th and 27th of February, and also the 13th and 27th of March.

Painless Operations in Surgery.—On Wednesday we availed ourselves of an opportunity to witness the application of this new and vastly important discovery in the practice of surgery, of infinitely more value to humanity than the finding of twenty planets, and were much gratified with the result. The operations were performed in a very rapid and skilful manner by Mr. Guthrie, jun., at the Ophthalmic Hospital, within the walls of which our stay was less than forty minutes. Yet in that time three cases of cataract were successfully removed (without the use of ether), and a large tumour was removed from the neck of a middle-aged man without pain, after he was thrown into a state of insensibility by inhaling from Robinson's apparatus. But the last case was one of still greater consequence, viz. the eradication of cancer from the right breast of a woman of about forty years of age, whilst utterly unconscious of suffering. The incision was fully three inches in length, and the disease large and deeply seated ; and yet the whole operation was effected, and the wound sewed up, without the slightest symptom of pain on the part of the patient. Her first exclamation was, to complain of cold ; and she afterwards called, "take it away," alluding to the tube at her mouth, and the inconvenience of respiration, but never made the least reference to the terrible ordeal of the knife through which she was passing. At the conclusion, in answer to a question from Mr. Guthrie, sen. (who had previously assured her she would not feel any pain), she replied that she had experienced none whatever. To non-professional persons it is distressing to see such things done ; but the reflection how much of human misery is thus alleviated comes as a consolation, and reconciles us to the appalling scene. The coolness and ability displayed by the operator were above all praise.

The National Gallery was brought under the notice of the House of Commons on Tuesday, by a motion of Mr. Hume's, for copies of the minutes

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of the trustees during the years 1845 and 1846, and of the instructions to the keeper of the gallery respecting the cleaning and arrangement of the pictures. Sir R. Peel seconded the motion, and professed the desire of the trustees to supply the fullest information; at the same time that he with perfect propriety called on members to suspend their judgment till the report was before them, in consideration of the high character and great artistic eminence of Mr. Eastlake.

The New Planet.—We are glad to observe that Mr. Adams' elaborate investigations relating to the New Planet have just been published as a supplement to the *Nautical Almanack* for 1851. To the scientific men of all nations, under whose eyes the dates and results will thus be brought, the judgment is now left whether, but for well-known unfortunate circumstances, Mr. Adams' researches would not have led to the actual discovery of the planet long prior to September 1846; and we look forward with perfect confidence to the opinion they will finally record in the history of astronomical discoveries. But that in the scene of his labours some special tribute should be paid to Mr. Adams' merits we have always thought; and therefore we have great pleasure in announcing that the Master and Fellows of St. John's College are taking steps to establish a valuable mathematical prize, to be connected with Mr. Adams' name, and to be a lasting testimony of respect for one who, in the words of Prof. Challis' reports, "by his talents and labours has done honour to the university, and maintained the scientific reputation of the country."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Mr. William Clowes, the eminent printer, whose extensive works are the object of great admiration to all who have seen them, and are visited among the sights of London by foreigners, died, at the age of 68, on Tuesday evening, after a short but severe illness. He was a worthy, liberal, and generous man, much esteemed by a wide circle of friends, comprehending many individuals distinguished in literature; and not only gratefully respected but beloved by the numerous establishment of which he was the considerate master.

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It is necessary to state that, in the original letter, the words in small capitals were underlined with a double line, and that in Italics with a single one.

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Has the gratification of further stating, in addition to the above high Testimonial, that he has received the FIRST PREMIUM REWARD from the British Government for the unequalled performance of his CHRONOMETER, which varied only 0·54 hundreds of a second in its rate during a public trial of twelve months at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. These trials, now terminated, lasted for thirteen years; during which period there were deposited, in competition, by different makers, nearly 500 Chronometers.

E. J. DENT has now the further satisfaction of announcing that, as an additional reward for the performance of his Patent Chronometers in 1844, H. I. M. the Emperor has been graciously pleased to confer upon E. J. DENT the appointment and title of "Chronometer Maker to H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia."

"SIR,

(A COPY.)

"ASHBURNHAM HOUSE,

"16th January, 1845.

"By an official letter dated 30 of December, 1844, Monsieur the Minister of Public Instruction has just informed me, that His Majesty the Emperor, as a recompense for the useful service you rendered the Chronometrical Expedition confided to M. de Struve, has deigned to grant you the title of "Chronometer Maker to H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia."

"It is with real pleasure that I hasten to inform you of this, and take this occasion to offer you the assurance of my entire regard.

"To Mr. DENT.

"BRUNNIN."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—

The following outline of the arrangements for the season 1847 is respectfully made known to the public, from the Opera, and to the subscribers, it is presented with the confident hope that the successful company will secure, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, a company still more worthy of the first theatre in Europe, and of its distinguished patrons, will ensure the continuation of their support.

Engagements for the Opera.—Mdlle. Jenny Lind (her first appearance in this country); Mme. Dr. Cenere Montezemoli (her first appearance at this theatre); Signor Sarti, Signor Farini, and Signor Solari (their first appearance in this country); the contralto, Mdlle. Velti, and Mdlle. Nacio (their first appearance in this country); and Mme. Castellan, Signor Fraschini, the great tenor (his first appearance in this country); Signor Gatti, the favorite basso; Signor Giordani, the most popular tenor of the Italian Opera at Paris, having lately withdrawn at a recent pecuniary sacrifice from the Académie Royale de Musique (his first appearance in this country); Signor Superchi, the distinguished baritone (his first appearance in this country); Signor Lanza, Signor Coletti, the celebrated basso (his first appearance in this country); Signor La Blache, of the Her Majesty's Theatre, (his first appearance), and Signor La Blache. In addition to the above, arrangements are pending with Signor Coletti, of the Italian Opera at Paris.

That great composer the Chevalier Meyerbeer has arranged to visit this country, to bring out the

CAMP DE SILESIE.

and another of his grand *opéras-comiques*; the principal parts in the "Camp de Silesie" by Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Signor Fraschini.

The celebrated Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy will likewise visit England, and produce an *Opéra* expressly composed for her Majesty's Theatre; the Libretto, founded on

THE TEMPEST.

of Shakespeare, written by M. Scribe.

Miranda, Mdlle. Jenny Lind; Ferdinand, Signor Gardoni; Caliban, Herr Standig; Prospero, Signor Lablache.

It is likewise announced, with great satisfaction, that Signor Verdi, having recovered from his severe illness, has expressly composed for this theatre a new *Opéra*, of which the plot is founded on the

ROBBERS OF SCHILLER.

Rossini's *Opéra* of ROBERT BRUCE,

lastly produced at the Académie Royale, has also been secured.

Madame Castellan, Sanchioni, and Montenegro; Signor Gardoni, Superchi, and Fraschini, will appear after Easter.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind, whose engagement commences in March, and extends until the end of the season, will appear immediately after Easter.

Director of the music, and Conductor, M. Balfe.

In addition to the above, several *Opéras*, new to this country, will be produced, and the *rôle*s will be selected from the *opéras-comiques* of Mozart, Cimarosa, Paisiello, Donizetti, Bellini, &c.

The subscription has been paid to all the details, so that an *ensemble* may be presented perfect in all its parts.

A numerous Orchestra, of the most distinguished talent and power, has been selected from some of the best orchestras of Europe, combined with former meritorious artists of the establishment; amongst whom may be mentioned M. Tocqueville, leader; M. Naundorf, leader of the bassoon; Mr. D'Urfey, leader of the Flute; Mr. Cottier, leader of the Bassoon; Mr. W. Watts, Mr. Piquet; M. Koresz, 1st bassoon, from Lévis; M. Bohr, horn; from Linz; M. Marin, trombone, Royal Theatre, Brussels; M. Lavigne, oboe, from Vienna; the Chevalier Anglais, first contrabassoon; Royal Theatre in Turin; Signor Gatti, 1st bassoon; from Parma; Signor Rosati, 1st bassoon, from Palermo; M. Bourgoin, violoncello, Académie Royale, Paris; M. Piccart, contrabass, Académie Royale, Paris; M. Elie, flute and piccolo, of Paris; M. Dell'Uomo, clarinet, Conservatoire, Milan; M. Ista, timpanist, Opera Comique, Paris; and Professor of the Conservatory, and other distinguished artists.

The Chorus has been chosen with the greatest care, from Italy, Germany, and England; and will comprise upwards of 80 performers.

Arrangements for the Ballet: Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, and Mdlle. Cetito; in addition to which an engagement has been made with Mdlle. Caroline Rosati (of La Scala), at Milan, and other great theatres of Italy, who will make her first appearance on the ballet stage of the Académie Royale, and the *Ballett* originally arranged for her by M. Paul Taglioni; Mdlle. Waenther, of La Scala, (her first appearance in this country); Mme. Petit Stephan; Mdlle. Honore; Mdlle. Elisa Montfort; Messelies, Thévenot, Julian, Lamoureux, Eustache, Février, Paquet, and others; Madame Caroline Rosati, of the Académie Royale, and La Scala, Milan (her first appearance in this country). In consequence of the enthusiastic manner in which this eminent artiste was received last season, hopes are entertained that Mdlle. Taglioni may be induced to appear for a limited number of performances. M. St. Leon, M. D'Or, of the Académie Royale (his first appearance in this country); Signor Gosseling, M. Di Mattia; Sig. Venanzi; M. Gouriet; M. Paul Taglioni; and M. Ferrer.

Composer of the Ballet Music, Sig. Pugni; Principal Artist, Mr. Marshall.

Maitres de Ballet: M. Paul Taglioni; M. Casati, of La Scala; and M. Perrot. Sous Maitre de Ballet, M. Gosselin. Régisseur de la Danse, M. Petit.

And the novelties of the Ballet Department will be produced at the opening of the theatre.

A NEW BALLET.

By M. Paul Taglioni, in which Mdlle. Caroline Rosati will make her first appearance.

An original grand Ballet will be produced, written expressly for her Majesty's Theatre, by the celebrated poet Heinrich Heine, on a subject selected from the old legends of Germany.

A novel and poetical Ballet, for the subject of which the establishment is indebted to the kindness of a noble and distinguished poetess, entitled

GERIA.

Various other novel Ballets and Divertissements are in more or less immediate preparation, in which Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Cetito, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, and Mdlle. Taglioni will appear.

The celebrated Pas des Quatre and Pas des Déesses will be revived; and the Pas des Divertissements, including another Grand Pas des Déées, which, uniting all the popular attractions of the Pas des Déées and the Pas des Quatre, will present a novel feature of striking originality, and will combine the talent of all, to be entitled

LA CONSTELLATION.

The Subscription will consist of the same number of nights as last season.

The theatre will open in the middle of February, when will be produced, for the first time at her Majesty's Theatre, Donizetti's admired *Opéra* of

LA FAVORITA,

in which Signor Gardoni and Signor Superchi will make their first appearance in this country; to conclude with an entirely

NEW BALLET,

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4 Trafalgar Square, January 1, 1847.

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GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, SOMERSET HOUSE.—The OFFICE of VICE-Secretary to the Society being vacant in consequence of the resignation of President A. C. Lovell, the Council have appointed Mr. J. D. Hooker, of the Royal Botanic Garden, to fill the office.

The Office will in future be denominated that of Assistant Secretary and Editor of the Society's publications. Amongst the essential qualifications, are a full knowledge of the natural history of the British Islands, considerable Geological information, and the knowledge of foreign languages.

Application for the vacant office may be addressed to the SECRETARIES, at the Apartments of the Geological Society, Somerset House.

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